

CAVALCADE

SEPTEMBER, 1935 16

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**BEAUTY CONTESTS
ARE BUNK!**

Know Yourself Section —
**YOU NEED NOT
LOSE YOUR BABY**





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CAVALCADE

KNOW YOURSELF

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Beauty Contests are the Bunk!

Curves and cuties, winning the coveted titles in beauty contests, are sports-heading a bunk program which will dilute their entire theme, ruin their sometimes.

GRANT L. LAWRENCE

A WELL-KNOWN London Theatre housed a cosmopolitan audience for an international beauty contest.

All the loveliness of Europe (and other parts) lined the stage. Baking-nated curves, flashing teeth, luscious legs—the lot.

And did the audience cheer? Yes, they oiled and cheered. Until the winner was announced. Then the grins faded, and knees and brows were perspired.

Because the winner had been lovely, skin-eyed, seven-headed Antigone Constanta, who became Miss World last August. Antigone came from Alexandria, though she is really Greek.

Miss Egypt petted her black and gold light-clinging costume, fluffed her hair out, and shrieking the \$200 first prize shouted, "Viva Marina Papagious" referring to the 1933 Miss Egypt, who failed to win the previous contest.

Frankly, the 1,500 people in the spectators' seats, didn't seem over-worried about who won; they came to see loveliness, and they were seeing loveliness. But there were 10 competitors who didn't run a place, and they all felt, quite accurately, that injustice had been done.

They thought Miss Greece, 21-year-old Elli Mola, who came third, should have won the Miss World title. One of the competitors said that Miss Antigone was too fat in the face and hips, "She has too much sex appeal—but she is not beautiful", was the comment.

Another competitor said, "Antigone's nice, but Miss Greece should have won."

Miss World, 1934 — Antigone Constanta, of Egypt, created quite a stir when she was crowned the winner.

Every contestant had a weakness—naturally, because you cannot get that kind of beauty assembled without getting the human, feminine reaction of each one.

The upshot of the whole thing was a disappointing lack of enthusiasm over the winner—and a general query as to whether beauty contests really do pay off.

First of all, one has every right to ask whether these contests pay off for winners who vie with each other in displaying the maximum allowable amount of charm.

Viewed, photographed, praised, costumed, fêted, and finally crowned, the girls become the center of interest for millions of newspaper readers, and responsive audiences who see them through their heels and finish in victory.

What do they expect as they parade their charms, smiling with young stardom at the indifference and the judges' Hollywood contracts?

Again, what do they get when it is all over? Let's be charitable and admit that Hollywood just can't buy enough to house all the beauty-contest winners, let alone give them the well-known "break" unless it is heart-break.

Harden which, most of the occupation which call for beauty call for something more than mere beauty. Good looks aren't enough to make an actress. They have to be accompanied by personality, acting ability, good voice, at least.

So maybe the girl can settle for a job as model or mannequin, where all she has to do is undress or dress up enough, pose prettily, and wait for the camera. Except that the cameraman takes one look at the loveliest face and makes the damning pronouncement, "She isn't photogenic." And, whatever that means, it puts her out of the busi-

ness. Maybe she lost out as a mannequin because she can stand beautifully, but just can't walk with grace, or look better in a bathing-suit than she does in clothes: there are girls, the dress business says, who just "can't wear" clothes. Obviously, the girls are would-be mannequins, never customers. So another dead place to the beauty-contest winner.

Maybe the business comes right back to casting away these glamorous openings, and just plain, old-fashioned getting married.

What goes on here?

Feminine galschisms are traditionally magnetic to men. Yet it is doubtful whether many men marry girls for their looks alone. After all, beautiful as she is, she can't be scotch, or dumb, or squeaky-voiced, or over-expensive in tastes, or clumsy in the kitchen, and still make a successful wife.

A beauty contestant in the States a few years back gave an interview to the press on the difficulties of getting married if you were a contest winner.

She said that while men by the score wanted to marry, woo and chase her, nobody wanted to marry her—because they felt that they couldn't cope with the glamour which had surrounded her in her brief blaze of limelight. All she wanted was to get into a shirt and a pair of jeans and help some good guy out the house—but there wasn't any good guy who believed it enough to take the risk.

This winner said she felt a girl's chance of marriage declined once she enjoyed the publicity and entertainment of the contest.

And then, there is always the prospect of viewing the girls who having won contests, did not married.

One of them married a wealthy

man years older than herself, and before she was thirty was a wealthy widow who had craved out on the fling which traditionally belongs to youth.

Another married a man in an ordinary salaried job, and found that living in neighborhood domesticity was too bad. She spent a lot of time in a bathing suit, the clothing which showed her to best advantage, and caught in trespass on the beach the attention of men—attention she hadn't enjoyed after her beauty contest days. The inevitable infatuation and disaster followed in love with admiration, she suddenly realized that she wasn't a top-line beauty any more, and that here wasn't much of a future. From being admired and sought and fêted, she had slipped down the scale to the point where even getting married again was no light task.

But by far the greatest number of stunner winners clutch their prizes, shoving off the criticism of their less fortunate competitors, step down off the stage, and are never seen or heard of again.

Most of them slip back into their normal lives—only to find that they are not always as welcome as they used to be.

The inevitable stories go around about these things. Normally the stories aren't true, but they spice up interest in the business.

There is always somebody ready to spread the story that a girl was because she gave the right amount of arrangement to one or more of the judges—and, indeed, there has been a court case or two about these very stories.

There may have been the odd small-town contest which was won by a girl whose morals and virtues were scored to winning the big

Win World, 1931, Kake Ekstrom, is now one of Sweden's leading models. At right is the runner-up in a recent beauty contest.



price, but most judges, in contests of any size, are well-known gentlemen, men of repute, who can usually afford to risk name and station for a brief fling with a teenage competition beauty, and most girls, though they are not backward in showing what they have, are certainly in the modest-to-unimpeachable bracket.

The stories of back-stage scenes at beauty contests are strictly for novelties, but even that doesn't leave the girl in any better position than she was before she entered. Returning to her normal life and finding it difficult to fit in, or even to be accepted, more than one of the girls has regretted the brief hour of glory given her by the contest.

And there is the story of the beauty contest winner in Europe who, having had her near-naked pictures spread over the world's press, did try to lay back the negatives before her shift was old enough to recognize her mother in her former candid glory.

That was the kind of thing which happened with Rody Lerner when, as a young actress anxious to make her mark, she did some unusually candid stuff for a Hungarian film director—and her wealthy husband, after they were married, spent a fortune buying up all copies of the film so that his wife's more personal charms would not be spread before the world. Frankly, after he had spent all that money, they didn't say married!

All this is quite apart from the beauty contests which are held to benefit a cause. There is always somebody prepared to believe that the game is rained for the sponsor whether it is or not. When Miss Finland was awarded the Miss World title in 1953, the story quickly went round that the prize had

gone to her to purchase Finland, the Olympic Games venue.

The story wasn't true, but it certainly took some of the silt off which was that year the silt of Miss Finland's victory.

One must be prepared to see, of course, that in contests where votes are "bought", or where the winner is to advertise a commercial enterprise, there must be a natural bias towards the type of contestant who will increase the product, and there was one story of a really lovely girl who missed first prize because of her inability to wear and display a certain garment. The prize went to a less lovely but more practically useful person.

Yet girls continue to be lured in, continue to diet and dress and pose and compete—and all the time somebody has to win.

If they are content to win and go back to work, maybe it is no worse than any other form of fun. But once the excitement turns their heads, and the glamour night becomes their future standard, most of them are headed for quick disaster—not only missing professional opportunities, but finding themselves loaded with a handicap, as well, even in the matrimonial stakes.

Another facet of the beauty contest business is that very often a girl doesn't have to be any beauty to win it. She simply has to have a good team of interested people to sell votes for her popularity. When the results go up a lot of the uninitiated feel that judging by the photographs justice has not been done.

And it must be very frustrating to a really lovely girl to find that she has been beaten as Miss Beautiful by a Plain Jane with nothing more than good voice selling power.

Gewtikon-Williams held captive by Turkish soldiers had to entertain on Arab village.



Sailor in the desert

It is a far cry from being captain of a ship to a refugee in the desert, but this captain had no choice when he escaped from a prison camp.

NIGHT was turning sun-baked Libya into a chilly desert when a dancing wreck, followed by a crash, settled the fate of H.M.S. Tara, a railway steamer converted into a warship. It was November, 1941.

All the crew were saved. The U-boat commander, von Arnim, de la Perriere, lined up his captives and decided to hand them over to the Turks—all except Captain H. E. Gewtikon-Williams, who was the only regular Royal Naval officer among the Tara's crew. He was marked for Austria, where the conditions for officer-prisoners of war were more congenial. But the

SPENCER LEEHMAN • FACT

captain insisted upon remaining with his men.

The captives were handed over to the Turks at Bardia and were placed under the close guard of Arab mercenaries for an ordered desert march which lasted for weeks. Poor rations and ill-treatment killed many prisoners, and Captain Gewtikon-Williams planned to escape.

Knowing that the Arabs feared illness and death, he feigned illness and was issued with a special ration of a pound of barley dough. A friendly Arab, Basil, made his

suits from the floor, and the other prisoners struggled enough rice from their meagre ration to last the captain for six days. Gwathlin-Williams also stole half a pound of goat's meat, a pound of dates, and a little sugar from the officers' mess. He was ready to make his escape.

On Sunday, February 22, 1945, laden with 1500 of food, a portion of water, and clad in Arab attire, Captain Gwathlin-Williams left the POW camp at Bir Hakkin, without being seen. He was well prepared with a flying-pen, a diary, a pencil, pipe, tobacco, matches, needles and thread, a candle, a drinking-trug, a spare pair of old shoes, a few papers, a map—but no compass.

His most important document was a forged one in Arabic explaining that he was under the protection of the Grand Senussi and the Turkish General, Nuri Pasha, and that, on his exit arrived at Hakkin, the traveller's guide would be rewarded with a bag of gold.

Most of the next day Gwathlin-Williams plodded over the desert sands. Many times he had to hide among low shrubs as caravans came along the track. His feet were bleeding, and his shoulders were raw with the rubbing of the ropes from which his heavy belongings were suspended. His position but was looking.

He stumbled suddenly into a camp of eight Arab tents, and was greeted cordially. The wandering "Arab" passed unchallenged.

In two days and nights G-W. calculated that he had travelled about 51 miles. It was dark, and through sheer exhaustion he collapsed to the ground and fell asleep.

He awoke at daylight, to find himself surrounded by Arabs.

droves of camels and herds of sheep and goats. Without knowing it, he had chosen for his first bivouac the outskirts of an Arab village.

Children and herdsmen approached him. He immediately threw his Arabian garments to cloak with a hood all over him, and lay down. He did not know that Arabs don't approve of sleeping after dark. They dragged him roughly to his tent.

Unfortunatly for Gwathlin-Williams, he had blue eyes. Arabs never have blue eyes. They knew he was a foreigner.

Three leading herdsmen covered him with rifles while they questioned him in Arabic. Gwathlin-Williams was at a loss, as he knew little Arabic. He was searched and his naval uniform was discovered.

Gwathlin-Williams produced his forged document, but it had no effect. The Arabs stripped their swords naked, and were about to shoot him when over twenty Senussis arrived and drove off the Arab herdsmen.

G-W hastily spoke some Arabic sentences that he had learned at Bir Hakkin. They appeared to be understood. A small gesture by the captain tolded their sense of humour, and they laughed uproariously. Then they paraded their prisoner like a performing animal.

Suddenly one of the Senussi bandogs spotted that the genuine foreigner had a gold tooth. The Arabs decided that the only way to secure the gold was to cut off their captive's head.

Desperately Gwathlin-Williams explained that the gold was false and therefore worthless. The tribesmen believed him. He was relieved of further trouble by the arrival of two men in tattered khaki uni-

forms, carrying British machine guns, and obviously afraid of these men, the Senussis took away. The newcomers were Turkish soldiers.

All the end of the week the Turkish soldiers led Gwathlin-Williams out of the Bedouin camp and into the desert. A Bedouin and a camel-girl accompanied them. No indication was given as to what was to happen or where they were going.

The journey ended at Turkish Headquarters.

Gwathlin-Williams received a shock when he was brought before the Commandant; he was Arthur Messager, the captain's commandant at Bir Hakkin.

Fully expecting to be shot at once, the bedraggled soldier was sur-

prised to be treated with civility.

The recaptured prisoner was escorted back to the prison camp at Bir Hakkin, where he found that not only the prisoners, but the guards as well, were starving.

Making bread out, but was gaffled on March 17, 1945, when the Duke of Westminster and his numerous ones arrived at Bir Hakkin.

Turning up his experiences in his book, "Prisoners of the Red Desert", Captain E. S. Gwathlin-Williams paid a special tribute to his gold tooth, which, he said, continued to be an asset of value throughout his ordeal.

"Think," he wrote, "are masterpieces often in themselves a masterpiece?"



"As I was saying . . ."

Buried alive for nine days

Three men were trapped when the Moose River Gold Mine collapsed. It took rescuers nine days to get them out.



THREE men exploring the old but recently re-opened Moose River goldmine, Nova Scotia, heard the ominous creaking sound at the 124-foot level. They raced to the shaft leading up to the mine entrance. Fortunately one of them hoisted on the signal cord for the "skip" that could carry them out to safety.

Almost simultaneously, a power-buried rear bounded the fall of tons of rock and earth, imprisoning them. Blindly shuffling through the dust, they found all the other galleries were also blocked.

Then they saw a small dead-end mine cut in the face of the wall. They crawled in for protection.

It was the afternoon of Monday,

April 13, 1906. The trapped trio consisted of Dr. Hebertson, his friend Paul Magill, and the mine manager Alfred Scadding.

After several minutes the deafening tumult gradually subsided as the hail of falling rocks ceased. In its place came the occasional gurgle of running water as numerous underground springs and reservoirs poured torrents over the mine.

The gallery that was now sealed up into an escape-proof prison was a long tunnel, 100 yards long, eight feet high and ten feet wide.

Fortunately, the water seeped through other cracks to the floor or ran down into the entrance shaft so there was no imminent danger

of the tunnel becoming flooded and drowning the three trapped men.

They lighted a fire with timber from smashed supports. The smoke seeped upward through the rock crevices and told watchers outside the mine that the three men were alive.

Outside, frantic preparations were under way to save the trapped trio. Hundreds of miners from the nearby Carbon mines gathered to discuss ways and means. Many thought the task hopeless. The whole shaft was blocked with hundreds of tons of packed broken stone.

It could be cleared—but it would probably take much longer than the extended men could last.

Food was sent down in the trapped men through a pipe forced into the earth.

To increase their chances, it was decided to use a diamond drill to drive a bore-hole down, through the ground and into the mine. Food and drink could be sent down it to relieve the plight of the prisoners until the shaft was opened.

The main difficulty was deciding where the men were trapped, so that a path for the drill could be directed. Making an estimate, the gangs of volunteers went to work and the drill began its ceaseless grinding roar that was to continue for days.

Other rescuers bent to the job of driving through to the men and getting them out. Engineers finally decided against clearing the original shaft. It seemed easier to go down another damaged shaft that had escaped the full force of the rock fall and tunnel through from it at the 150-foot level.

A 12-ton crane was brought in. It had to be conveyed over 20 miles of dusty mountain track. The journey took 60 hours. Eight miles from their rest, a breakdown in the steaming held them up for hours until spare parts could be obtained from Halifax.

Meanwhile, the work of clearing the shaft had proceeded with dynamite and the machinery on hand.

With the arrival of the big crane, which could lift two tons of rock at a time, the shaft was sunk to 140 feet—three days after the accident. From there a tunnel was started at right angles to the shaft.

Mr. Robertson and Mrs. Magill were on the scene of operations and with them was Magill's Great Dane, Moose.

On the day Paul Magill died for undergrowth, the dog went nearly mad. It whined and snuffed persistently at every crack in the ground left by the tremendous rock fall.

The rescue tunnel went through

rock and earth and tractors roared the office buildings nearby in order to get the timber to prop the roof and sides.

The tunnel was a bare three feet in diameter. Only two men at a time could work at it—one man digging and the other following the sides. They risked their lives constantly owing to the danger of a sudden cave-in. Other workers wore the hard air, the seeping water which kept them drenched the whole time, the mud underfoot and the constant urgency for speed and more speed.

The tunnel was pushed forward 10 feet in the first eight hours. Then the difficulties worsened. In the next two hours, it progressed only three feet. Ten times during the period the timber collapsed and the roof caved in. Forty men were strung out behind the front pair, passing from hand to hand every piece of rock and shovelful of dirt excavated.

It was six days before the first contact was made with the trapped trio by means of the diamond drill. The point emerged near the wall of the gallery on Sunday April 16. Had it been another couple of inches further over, it would have missed the men's prison altogether. All three would have died.

Whisky was fitted in the hole made by the drill. Brandy and hot soup were sent down it to help keep them alive. A special telephone, about the size of a fountain pen, was also lowered. Through it, Dr. Robertson was able to speak. He told of the gradual weakening of Paul Magill.

Although only 24, much younger than his two companions, he was close to death. Through the long wait, Seadding and Dr. Robertson tried to keep him warm with their

own bodies, but he contracted pneumonia. On April 19 he died.

Dr. Robertson revealed that Seadding too was very sick.

On Monday, April 22, when it was estimated the tunnel had only 20 feet to go, there was another rock fall in the shaft. It left more than a dozen men imprisoned in the tunnel. In a few hours the heavy crane cleared the shaft.

The tunnelers then met a wall of solid rock. Explosives were too dangerous, so the 12-foot thickness had to be chiseled through. One by one the rescuers collapsed with the strain and had to be taken to hospital. Others quickly took their place.

During the whole of this time the fate of the imprisoned men was a matter for speculation, and imposed the greatest strain on their relatives, who, hoping against hope, were fully prepared to have their worst fears confirmed. There was the additional worry that still further falls would postpone the work of rescue which, at times, seemed an utterly impossible task.

The fearfully working relays finally won out, however, and on April 22, when they broke through and found, after nine days, that two of the three men they sought to rescue were still alive.

A doctor who had stood by to render any necessary aid went to the assistance of Dr. Robertson and Arthur Seadding, and was able to pronounce that both men would survive their ordeal. It was also his melancholy duty to announce that Paul Magill was a fatality.

In hospital, Dr. Robertson made a quick recovery. Alfred Seadding showed worse effects, but he, too, was eventually restored to health. The rescue was a remarkable feat of courage and endurance.



"Would you mind repeating that last paragraph, Mr. Seadding . . . You speak so elegantly."

Her bathing suit got wet!



"Here's this for a Hula!" calls the lovely long-haired lass. "O-o-o-o-o, the Frenchman said, 'Who is girl?' the Aussie asked. Dimples-Alice is the name, look and she dances with the moon, water, and sand in the beach — to keep the Hula-love of Hawaii — beautiful variety!"

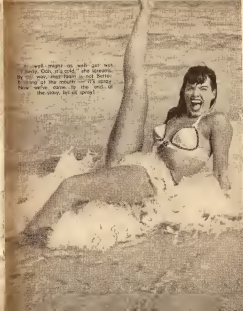
"No, I'm not swimming," says Dimples. "I might get my long tresses wet." She frizzes pretty well, too. But we gained the change in costume and mentioned it. "Yes," she laughed, "I like a change. How's my hair?" Well, off-hand, Dimples would say your hair is colossal.



Well, what do you know—Miss Pong has spread over a new leaf, she's changed her attitude again (not that we could fix, of that), and she's changed her mind—she's going to sail, got her hair wet. "Yes, isn't it swell?" says Betty. "With my hair kink, I'll be on the rocks!"



Well, might as well get wet. "Sure, Coz, it's cold," she squeals. "By the way, Miss Pong is not better thinking of the month—it's gone. Now we've come to the end of the story, let it go!"



Crime Capsules

15

There have been many breaks out of jail, but a few months ago a thief broke into Centinella Gail, Victoria, Australia, and stole a safe and a revolver. He used stolen keys to open the main gate and took the safe from the governor's office. Breaking into an unoccupied part of the jail, he forced the lock of the office door, stole the gate key from a drawer, opened the gate, backed a car up to the office window and loaded the safe into it. There were 22 prisoners in the jail, but no one made a sound.

MISTAKE

Salvatore Pecoreo, a Sicilian native, escaped from an Italian prison here in 1954, where he was serving a 30-year sentence. He was not seen until recently. Then he was found because he made a mistake: people in Aix-les-Bains, France, where he was with friends, noticed that she was pregnant. Police searched the house—and in the basement they found Salvatore!

HAIR RAISING

You can be unhappy! After conducting a barber's college for 17 years in St. Joseph, Montana, U.S.A., during which time he had trained over 800 barbers, Frank Berry, aged 74, was fined

four pound, ten shillings for being without a license.

STRANGE SENTENCE

William Johnson, aged 23, received eleven tickets for traffic offenses in the one day in New York. The charges included repeatedly driving on the wrong side of the road, passing "Go Slow" signs at high speed, ignoring red lights and having a noisy muffler. George Deim, J.P., judging the case, said "Sentence suspended on condition that you attend church every Sunday for a year. If you miss church once, you go to jail for 30 days."

OBSERVANT

Peterson George McDade, of the Verona, Pennsylvania police, was asked by his chief for a description of the town's only police car, which was stolen while McDade was in charge. McDade thought for a while, then said: "It has four doors and 'Verona Police' painted on each side." It is not reported what the chief said to McDade.

ORGANS

Robert Meteler, an organist in a Chicago church, did not approve of the use of Mrs. Belle Davis' and her daughter's optic organs. He obtained a court order forbidding the women selling him from the front pew.

Murder is a fine art

D. JUKES • FACT

Murder is Charley Russell's life. He "kills" people every week on TV—and he "kills" them in every possible way.

WHEN success in business comes with attention to detail, and murder is the business, it becomes logical that Charley Russell stands far above the most famous of history's murderers. Murder, to Charley, is a fine art: a delicate balance of means, opportunity and weapon. His artistic touch in murder leaves the Douglas a bunch of amateurs; his choice of

Charley Russell's collection of murder weapons is vast.



weapons is far more versatile than any killer of any historic age, his means of timing, planning and execution of the intricate details of a murder plan surpasses even a Machiavellian intelligence.

Murder is Charley's life. He works with it, thinks it, acts it and sleeps with murder in his dreams. Yet Charley is a mild-looking, soft-spoken man in his mid thirties.

Charley never dreams of the "perfect murder" in which the crime is not detected and which passes off afterwards as suicide, accident, or natural cause—murder must be detected; the crime must be obvious and recognizable, for Charley kills two or three people every week as producers of New York's television mystery thriller series "Danger".

The research into the finer art of murder started when one of his

actors slipped around and was, unexpectedly, strangled by his throat and expired before the camera. The T.V. station was flooded with telephone calls from doctors, scientists and chemists, pointing out that it takes much longer for cyanide to work.

Charley followed these calls to get the facts. Shortly afterwards an excited draggist called the New York Police. "Hurry down here. There's a guy in my place with murder on his mind. He just asked me how long it takes cyanide to kill a human being." The cops hurried down and found—Charley.

However, his pertinacity in paying big dividends. These days, if one of his actors drink cyanide, he dies in the required time, and Charley has a stopwatch handy to check him down to the last ditch.

Gun wounds are difficult, Russell says. One night after wounding an

actor with a Colt .45, Charley received a phone call from a pistol expert and champion marksman.

"I'll stake my reputation," said the expert. "That a Colt .45 bullet fired at that close range would have blasted him out of the door."

As a result, all gunshots are checked against a ballistics file, and it is a dare "Danger" here who goes away with a more flesh wound if he does it's authentic.

The same thing applies to a blow on the head. No actor shakes his head roughly after being stunned if the weight of the weapon and the force with which it was wielded is enough to crack his skull. Similarly the place of entry of a knife is carefully predetermined so that an authentic "death" can result.

Many people know that revolvers greatly lose their accuracy over 40 yards—even if the bullet does have enough force left to kill a man at that distance. They know that a person has the favour of overwhelming odds when running away from a gunman. They can tell at a glance whether the length of the revolver barrel, the calibre of the bullet, and the common specifications of the charge could bring about anything but a lucky shot. And if Russell makes a mistake, TV viewers tell him about it.

Always, too, the script has to be flexible. One "Danger" script called for Lisa Mann, playing a detached little child, to charm a pistol barrel into killing her aunt.

"First I had to find out what a pistol barrel was," Russell said. "Then I had to figure if it could actually kill a human being. After that, could it be charmed into doing it?"

He contacted a naturalist who explained that the barrel was a killer rodent native to Europe, that

THE MODEL MURDER

The wife took her husband along

To see the morrowgine show, She did not think she was doing wrong.

Though he didn't want to go, A lovely gal—a model named Pat—

Walked out in a dream of store;

The wife whispered, "How would you like that?" And the husband said out "About!"

it had also killed children when hungry or scared; and that it would, in all probability kill an adult.

"He was vague about the charm angle," says Charley. "And asked me whether or not I had any I was planning to charm."

All "Danger" scripts don't work out as easily. Once Fay Hunter, playing a murder victim, had to make a rare and costly gesture which required three or four hours to take effect. The problem lay in the fact that Miss Hunter had to expire before the commercial.

"The whole script depended on the poison, so we couldn't change that," Charley explained. "Obviously she couldn't die during the commercial—the sponsors would never go for that! So we had to figure out a place in the script where she could die."

He managed it by fading in on a clock, fading out and then fading back on the clock turned ahead to indicate the passing of time.

Occasionally, when "Danger" stories are set in exotic locales, the murder weapon is likely to be an authentic object, uncommon, marked



and punches are all likely murder weapons.

Cumans and results are worked out to detail. Even autopsy reports have to be accurate.

Playing the murderer of a woman, Les Tracy was confronted with an autopsy report in which the coroner described the condition of her throat after the murder. Charley checked the file. The doctor had described a throat strangled by rope, but the script called for Tracy to strangle her with his hands. The autopsy report was changed.

"Lawyers sit at home and just wait for you to make a legal mistake," Charley said. "For instance, we had Sarah Churchill playing the part of a woman facing a first degree murder charge. Lawyers wrote in by the hundreds stating that the man she could be tried for was manslaughter. Some of them offered to defend her."

If an actor is required to struggle around the set bed with weights tied to his ankles, and the cameras have to follow him down and remain with him to the final mouthful of water, Charley has to be careful of the safety of his actor.

Usually he has the drowning man panic, and so "die" sooner than ordinarily. The actor therefore has plenty of breath left when the camera switch off him.

A strangulation is simple. There is no time for a trick knife to be fastened in the back of the victim as is possible in movies by stopping the camera. Television is "live" and continuous.

Charley has worked out tricks which defy the most sceptic television viewer, and he keeps these tricks to himself.

Russell's collection of weapons is vast. Knives, daggers, bayonets,

swords, pistols, rifles, shotguns and submachine guns form the more spectacular part. They are representative of all historic ages.

All weapons, including antique ones, which can be used for murder, are mentioned in the film. Each entry shows the way in which the weapon could be used to kill, how long after the deed death follows, and the actions, symptoms and sounds of death with the particular weapon.

Australia can expect to see some of Charley Russell's television principles in operation shortly. Who knows, we may soon see a second Charley Russell on an Australian golf course beating his club men—nearly, swinging over his head and looking at his partner wonderingly, and knowing that he is planning next week's murder!

All of the problems Charley Russell answers have been answered before, for the films. But the technique of films makes taken an easy way out — the camera can pause for a minute or an hour while a gimmick is rigged, or while the understudy takes the place of the star, or while a whole vault of violence is taken to the satisfaction of the prospective audience — and most conveniently.

In television this pause cannot be allowed, with the result that some substitute has to be found to give an instantaneous impression of the effect sought. For example, the old trick is a knife, the blade of which strikes into the hand, used in a stabbing in movies the camera can be halted while the shaft of the knife is added to the victim's back to complete the glistening slalom. In television a section cut her to be used so that as the knife is stabbed the blade retreats and the handle adheres to the victim's body.

THIS IS A ZOMBIE

PETER HARGRAVES • FACT

HER face was blank; her eyes were closed. She was clad in a rough working dress and she slunk with fear from all who approached her. The farmer, on whose property she had suddenly appeared, recognized her as his sister, Felicia Polka-Minor. She had been dead for 39 years!

It was Dr. Felix Leach, then Director-General of Public Health in Haiti, who reported the case in 1963. He gleaned the facts from Polka's best friend, the woman had married a small storekeeper in the town of Ensayre. After becoming suddenly ill in 1923, she had died and was buried in the local cemetery.

Dr. Leach ordered that the grave be uncovered. They found the remains of a coffin, rotted away to a few scraps of wood. But there was not a single bone of the skeleton that should have been present. Polka's husband was located. He had remarried. When presented to Polka, he identified her as his first wife. But she did not recognize him.

She died a few months later in hospital. No trace was found of the man responsible for her grotesque state. Indeed, during those 39 years she had been considered dead and evidently she had been well hidden, while acting as slave to the man who made her a zombie. Police believed she had escaped and that Dr. Leach had led her back to the farm where she and her brother had been raised.



If you think zombies are the products of fertile minds of authors, look at this picture. She is a zombie!

The zombie is a product of voodoo. He drudges secret cult which has flourished in the West Indies, the Caribbean and the deep South of the United States since the 17th century.

Zombies are popularly supposed to be people who have died, then risen from their graves to walk the earth as unthinking automatons. Only the last part of the description is correct. The zombie is not a man dead man.

True zombies are closely recognized in Haiti—as persons who have been placed in a catatonic coma with narcotic drugs, secretly administered by a voodoo sorcerer or "bokor", as he is called in Haiti.

After the administration of the drug, the zombie immediately takes on the appearance of death. Because of the tropic heat his relatives wait no time in burying him. After they depart, the bokor and his henchmen appear on the scene. They dig up the coffin and re-animated the "corpse", who is now their ready-made slave.

They can sell him as a zombie to some distant plantation, where there is little chance of him being seen by his relatives.

Zombies are then beyond all sentiment. The vegetable drug that was surreptitiously administered by the bokor, called wanga or hounso, permanently paralyzes part of the brain cells.

The zombie suffers little physical effect, but he is incapable of thought. When the bokor releases him from the coffin, he can obey orders to work, eat, drink and sleep. He is completely oblivious of any reason for doing so. If told to throw himself over a cliff, he would obey.

An American journalist named Charles Nemo, investigating the

zombies of Haiti recently, consulted a head old "houngan" or voodoo priest in a hut that served as his temple on the outskirts of Port-au-Prince, the capital.

"There are two kinds of dead," the ancient croaked, "the dead of God and the dead of the bokor. The dead of God can never be revived; the dead of the bokor not only can be, but frequently are."

Behind the houngan was a crude wooden altar. It was covered with a red cloth on which lay a collection of old man bottles, the carved head of a man, fowl's feet, dried reptile skin and numerous other objects.

Unlike most houngans he was willing to talk of voodoo and zombies. They are not the work of priests such as himself, but of bokors. He explained that zombies generally are created for one of two reasons—revenge by an enemy or cheap labour for a landowner. The bokor is paid to do his work.

According to the houngan, the bokor waits till dark and then begins "incantations" to summon the dark powers of the voodoo world to help him.

"Then," the old man explained, "he mounts his horse with his face to the horse's tail, and rides off to the house of his victim. Dismounting, he places his lips to the crack of the door and sucks out the soul."

The bokor rides home and waits in a few hours his victim is dead. His family buries him. At midnight the bokor and his assistants go to the grave. They open it. Binding down, the bokor calls the dead man by name. The Haitian believes he must answer because the bokor "holds his soul in his hands."

They take him to the bokor's headquarters, where he is given a drink of a secret potion. "The



"Just a minute, Bob . . . that was only the rehearsal of the wedding, and you know it!"

Then becomes a zombie," the houn-
an told Charles Morris, "and will
never speak again or return to
the tomb He will obey the becor
in all things until the latter dies."

Of course, what really happens,
is that the victim is surgically
fed drugs to make him take on the
appearance of death. These drugs
are said to come from a rare cactus
plant, the properties of which were
discovered centuries ago. A pro-
found state of catatony, resembling
death, occurs in a few hours.

The becor can revive the vic-
tim by administering any of a
number of secret antidotes, which
enable the corpse to be re-animated
into a zombie.

Zombie secrets were brought to
Haiti when the ancestors of the
present natives arrived on the
island from Africa as slaves. Their
masters, French landowners, heard
rumors that the voodoo experts
among them possessed the secret of
"raising the dead". Because the
landowners had to pay taxes on the
number of slaves they owned, and
because of the constant threat of
slave revolt, they paid the voodoo
doctors to administer their secret
potions of venge or drugs to select-
ed slaves—generally the best work-
ers.

The future zombies fell into the
catatonic trance. They were buried
and reported to the authorities as
dead.

On the night following their
burial, trusted servants dug up
their bodies. They were handed
over to the becor, who soon re-
vived them. They were kept in
separate quarters, away from the
other slaves and appeared on no
records in the landowner's books.
No taxes were paid on them. At
work they were almost as valuable
as before—and they were now as
docile as babies.

Eventually, however, revolt did
sweep Haiti. It became a republic.
The slaves, including thousands of
zombies, were released. A little
over a year ago, a retired British
missionary, the Rev. Arthur Turn-
bull, who has spent 47 years in
Haiti, described in a London paper
his personal acquaintance with a
modern zombie. Mr. Turnbull was
friendly with a general in the
Haitian army. Foolishly the gen-
eral became involved in a feud
with a well-known voodoo sorcerer.

The latter predicted the general
would die within 10 days. He died
on the ninth day. Mr. Turnbull saw
his body and performed his funeral
service. But some of the general's
friends, were suspicious. After a
couple of days, they uncovered his
grave. It was empty.

A posse trailed the becor and
a number of followers up into the
mountains. The posse paused on
their quarry and the natives took
flight and left a prisoner behind.
It was the general. He seemed
dead, as though in a coma. He
could not speak and his limbs
seemed no stronger than that of a
corporeal corpse.

The general was a zombie.

The becor was never caught and
his victims were condemned to a
life in an asylum until his death.

This was no more nor less than
the truth of the matter, and as
a result the poor victim was a
sensible, intelligent thing in
human form. There was no "beef"
on anybody's part. It was a trans-
formation which had completely
undermined the "zoo."

The apparently alert, intelligent,
commanding figure of yesterday
had become an imbecile, useless
thing. The morbid minds of the
community were more than willing
to attribute this to some super-
natural power held by the people

who had effected the transformation.
And so the legend of the
zombie was perpetuated and
spread.

It is no wonder that the zombie
became a byword and objects of
pity and sympathy among their
fellows. And the sympathy was
deserved—not because the zombies
were victims of some uncontroll-
able, supernatural power, but be-
cause of the tragic chemical
formula which, in the hands of a
few white-necks created an amain-
ing change in known people in a
very limited space of time. The

superstitions can be well under-
stood. And the consequent fear
experienced in the people with some
knowledge of what was being done
can well be appreciated. It is no
wonder that the fear of the power
to create zombies spread so that
there were a few people credited
with really supernatural powers.

Tales of zombies were treated
with suspicion by those colored
Haitians until the release of the pic-
ture of Felisa Felix-Montor. They
can be depicted no longer. Zombies
do exist.

Fear of revolt by natives influenced the original
landowners of Haiti to make zombies of their slaves.





The secret of the GHOSTLY BELLS

The spiritist had a cunning set-up which only a worried brother could uncover and find—murder!

JOHN GOLD, partner in a prosperous Washington manufacturing company, was worried about his young brother, Ashley. He had not heard from him for nearly a year. Letters he had written to the boarding house where Ashley lived, on Lockwood Avenue in the St. Louis suburb of Webster Groves, were not answered.

Gold went to Missouri and interviewed the landlady, an attractive full-figured blonde named Mrs. Cora Skanks. She told him that Ashley Gold had moved out in the previous January. She had not seen or heard of him since.

She produced several of his unanswered letters to his brother and told John Gold that Ashley had returned home one afternoon, told her he was leaving and moved out as soon as he packed his bag. He gave no reason for leaving.

Mrs. Skanks gave Gold the address of a building named Peabody in a nearby town. Ashley had worked for him as a carpenter.

As Gold left the boarding house, a woman motioned to him from a nearby alley. "I've got something

JAMES HOLLEDGE • FACT

to tell you," she said. "I work for Mrs. Skanks, and I don't want her to see me. Walk down at the corner, and I'll join you in half an hour."

Gold waited and was joined by the woman some 30 minutes later. Mrs. Skanks had had about his brother returning and announcing his departure. He had simply disappeared. For two nights his room was unoccupied. Then Mrs. Skanks told her he had left and ordered her to prepare for a new guest.

"I think he was murdered," said the maid. "He carried a lot of money on him in a money belt. I've seen it when I was doing his room. Mrs. Skanks might not have done the actual killing, but she knows all about it. I'm sure of that. She had a guilty look about her if I've ever seen one."

But the woman knew nothing more. On the Saturday afternoon he left his job, Ashley had called at his home and made a date with his sister for Sunday. He did not keep the appointment, nor had he been seen since.

It was in an atmosphere such as this that John Gold was told his murdered brother was alive.



When feeling suffocated in a badly ventilated room, a person says he "cannot get his breath", in the belief that his lungs are affected. Actually, his discomfort is caused by the stiffness of the air as unable to lose their excessive heat and moisture. Tests showed that such persons have left no relief after breathing outdoor air through a tube, while others outdoors have felt no distress after breathing through a tube, the "out" air of the room.

John Gold went to the police. They offered to let his brother as a missing person but could do so only until shown more tangible evidence that he had come to harm.

To find that evidence, Gold secured lodging in Mrs. Stenke's boarding house. He spoke with fellow boarders. None had seen his brother leave. When they had mentioned his absence to Mrs. Stenke, she had told them he had left.

Gold discovered that Mrs. Stenke and her husband were expected, he going to California. But that was after the disappearance of Ashley.

Gold mentioned to Mrs. Stenke that he heard she dabbled in spiritualism. He suggested she call up his brother. The woman agreed. If Ashley was dead, she promised him, she would surely be able to summon his spirit.

But Ashley did not answer the entreaties of the heady seer, cited in a screaming kumona, she bent over a table in a darkened room.

"I am sure your brother is not

dead," she told Gold. "If he were dead he would have answered. I have never failed in establishing contact with a departed spirit."

She then produced a crystal ball. Heric looking needles were in it. Inevitably curled up from a small bowl on the table. Mrs. Stenke looked into the ball. "Ashley Gold is alive. I can see him in a powerful setting — a palm clad beach. There's a girl with him. She's a pretty little thing, I suppose. She's putting her arms round his neck. They're embracing and kissing. The scene seems to be in South America, or it could be Florida or perhaps Southern California."

Mrs. Stenke matterly pushed the ball away. "There, it's done," she said with ambiguity, "but you can take my word, Mr. Gold, your brother is very much alive."

John Gold heard the sound of bells, seemingly far away. He went to the window, and pulling the heavy curtain aside, he opened it and looked out.

He heard nothing. As soon as he turned back into the room, however, the tolling was distinctly audible again.

Mrs. Stenke was looking at him with excitement. "The bells are coming from, Kansas City," she said. "You only hear them because I am here. I can bring the sounds to me, so clearly that others can hear. In Kansas City it is the hour of prayer meeting. My beloved mother and sister are attending. They seem closer to me if I can bring the sound of the bells. I concentrate on the bells of Kansas City, and the sounds come to me and to those with me. You hear no other bells."

The ringing ceased. "See," said Mrs. Stenke, "the worshippers are in the churches. The bells have

ceased during the prayer meeting." She closed her eyes. "I can see my mother and sister. They are sitting in our family pew. Their lips are moving. They are praying — praying for me."

Gold switched the conversation back to his brother. He told Mrs. Stenke that he was convinced his brother was dead.

"You shall see, Mr. Gold," she promised. "You must have patience. You will soon learn that he is alive and well. I would not be surprised if you got a letter from him. The crystal ball experiment will probably put the thought of his family in his mind."

Gold stayed for a week in the boarding house. But he found nothing tangible about his brother, so returned to his business in Washington. A few days after arriving home, he received a postcard from Long Beach in California. Both the message and the address were typed. The message read: "Hello, John. I am fine and hope you are the same. I will write a letter when I get some time. Ashley."

Gold was convinced the card was a fake to kill his suspicions. He had never known Ashley to use a typewriter. Why had no address been given for a reply?

Gold returned to St. Louis and again saw the police. They decided to arrest Mrs. Stenke for her spiritualism and interrogate her about Ashley Gold. A raid was made and she was caught with a reward of people returning to the "church" bells from Kansas City.

Confronted in the room police found a telephone. Before each answer Mrs. Stenke rung a confederate living nearby and left the receiver off the hook. During the answer the confederate rung bells in front of her share. The

noise was relayed plainly into the seance room as mysterious and ghostly pealing.

Mrs. Stenke confessed to her part in the killing of Ashley Gold. She said her husband, Frank, had planned it. He took the boarder for a walk one Saturday night and he never returned.

Frank Stenke was arrested in Long Beach, California. He admitted killing Gold in self-defense in a fight and later dumping the body in the Mississippi River. It was never recovered.

With the arrest of Frank Stenke the pattern began to take the definite shape of a murder solved.

There was little difficulty in establishing that Stenke had sent the post card, thinking that the typewriter would substitute for the handwriting of a man already dead, not realizing that the very fact of the typing would arouse the suspicion the card was intended to mislead.

His presence in the place where the card was posted, and the fact that Gold had used an address for a reply, were both points seized by the police.

Mrs. Stenke realized there could be only one end to the train of events. Her nerves broke and she panicked herself.

Meanwhile, police in California who were holding Frank Stenke established that he had killed and robbed an old prospector named Dave Kutzman, whose body had been found in a lonely section of the California desert.

Stenke confessed to this second murder. He was sentenced to life in San Quentin, with the previous charge in St. Louis still hanging over him if he ever got out. It was a worry he never had to face. He died in his cell after serving nine years.

Blonde Rhapsody



Beaches have pebbles, sand, foam
and water; there in summer will be
your son and daughter, you'll see
some boats, seaweed and shells,
you'll see laughing boys and happy
girls; and near the water—be it
beach, lake or pond—you're bound
to see a lovely blonde.

From the blonde in the reeds whom
you've just seen—we pass down the
beach to Marilyn Dean. This lovely
lass plays the piano and sings such
talent and beauty soon acquire rings.



Reluctantly leaving the spotlight for the show, she will smile to better us about City Mouse. In Columbia's Wagner's Fables, she's one of the seven. (Above, during lively Old London Court, while on stage, she'll smile, say farewell, but won't leave again. — with us, January 1951)



PINGUIN WALLABOUT

When the Edinburgh Zoo was short-handed during the last World War its 22 Penguins one day found the gates between their enclosure and the street partly open. They immediately embarked on a sight-seeing tour. Waddling up the foot-path in close formation, they stopped some three blocks away to watch the traffic. They were fascinated for an hour and a half, then returned home. As the penguins caused no trouble and apparently had enjoyed their journey, they were allowed to repeat it every afternoon, in the company of their keeper.

AMPERсанд

Called the ampersand, "&" is the oldest symbol representing a word in the world today. Originally it was one of the 2,000 signs in a shorthand system created by Miraeus Tiro in 48 B.C. to record the speeches in the Roman Senate. Although the system and all other symbols have been forgotten for ten centuries, "&" continues to be used as the abbreviated form of "and" in many languages.

MAGNETIC NORTH

Equipped with special instruments designed for the purpose, the first plane to search for the exact position of the Magnetic North Pole was the Arca, a Royal

Air Force Lancaster that made flights over and around the assumed location on Boothia Peninsula, Canada, between May 29 and 26 1946. The aviators found that the correct pole was almost 250 miles north-north-west of the spot long indicated on the maps, but that it was still some 1,200 miles south of the North Pole.

VICTORIA FALLS

Victoria Falls, in Southern Rhodesia, Africa, produces the most lunar rainbows. During the autumn, when the Zambezi River goes over these falls in a volume 26 times larger than at any other time of the year, the spray is so great that more than a hundred of these arcs have been seen on the moonlit nights of a single season.

EYEGLIDE

One of the strangest eyelets known is possessed by a rare species of British fish, known as the cuckoo ray, or *Raja circularis*. The lid is round, has a large fringed edge and is located inside the eyeball, directly under—instead of over—the gleamy cornea.

TEETH

Louis Kiffin, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, U.S.A., tossed a half-crown out of the window of a bus, but discovered later that his lower dentures had been buried in the change.

Pearl of Parapee

Steve was groping for a memory. Then it came — of a Lieutenant staring into the prisoner's hold. But the memory came too late . . .

BLOOD pounded in London's brain as he struggled to reach the surface. Up, up he went, while his brain roiled. The light's surface ruffled restlessly; it broke under the up-thrust of London's head. Air slapped his face; he snatched at it. It hacked his throat and scorched his chest, but he had to go on taking it in quick, short gulps until he could suck on it deeply. Then it was sweet with a pity, but healing, tang to his lungs.

"Whew! That was close!" He floated, letting tropic water love him. "I'm getting better; I nearly bottomed I wish—"

Of what use was wishing? His foreman's gear was useless and he could not repair it; he must dive bare to explore the bottom. If he wanted to follow up his hunch which had become an obsession. He had staked all on a hunch that good pearls could be found in the Pacific, with the island of Parapee the main hope. He had bought stores for a year and a longer; London was owner, captain, and crew.

Steve swam where he dried off walking along the sands towards the bluff. A cut ran inland along its base, and his ladder was there, snug against the cliff, with the head low at low water; it merged into the cliff in a narrow

pass of accidental camouflages. He climbed aboard and stood on the fore-deck. He reached for a pair of shorts.

"Oh — I —"

Steve's eyes jerked around in time to see a wisp of flaxen hair disappear down the aft companion way. Rising intrusion, he stepped forward, then stopped, grinning. On an unrobust island, a woman was a miracle. He shrugged and doamed his shorts.

"Come up I want to know why, how, and who, sister."

"Yyes!" She came slowly, her head a flaxen flower in full bloom; it had stems of twin plaits draped over her bosom to her waist. Her eyes were like blue sapphires set in pink-crown velvet, but they were smaller and frightened, though her wide-red lips had an American smile. "I'm sorry."

German, Steve guessed, and his lackies rose. He had no love for them; they had shown none to him when, as a boy on a tramp, he had been taken by a Nazi raider. Her smile flattered away, like a frightened nestling, at the hostility in his eyes.

"Sure, you're sorry you were caught, but I'm still asking."

The velvet round her eyes puckered, cutting curls off the ap-



phones but bringing up their fee "You do go off the deep end!" She had learned that in the States, Steve thought. "Well, I saw your boat and came aboard when I got no answer to my call."

As hard as demands, Steve reckoned; she had to be to have lived through it, and her father had been proud to cutting edges by time spent in the States. "You'd better talk."

She stated, "I walked across the island. We thought it was uninhabited. I'm with Dr. Drunken's party on the Tempest. We anchored on the other side last night just before dawn. I'm Miss Schornswart."

"Is that so?" It was brittle with hostility. The daughter of Commander Schornswart, second in command of the Valkyrie! He had been the best of them, but Leander had not got over hating the best—and he hated her for being who she was. "Who's Drunken?"

"He lived in America for years. He's — a —" She must be thinking up a lie, or was not sure of the truth, "a biologist on a — a scientific expedition."

"Oh, yeah! Where do you fit in that?"

"I'm — He's an old family friend. At least, I think he knew my father well. He helped me to get to America."

Steve watched her broadly. She was defiant, not caring if he thought the worst of her, and he was thinking just that. "O.K., come below. I'll need a drink to sort it all out."

She went reluctantly, propelled by his powerful grip on her arm to the saloon. He blocked the doorway while he reached for a bottle of whisky, but he left it on the shelf and looked at her. He had a third, but no liquor would ease it; it had been dormant so long he

had thought it dead; it was a thrust to pay off for some that he had had to take. He could pay some night then. She was Schornswart's daughter, he hated her, but he had to go on telling himself that when he slid an arm around her waist and cupped her chin with his free hand.

Her lips clamped tightly; she was passive, but brittle with suppressed hostility. He kissed her eagerly, trying to wring loosens from her lips, then he eased back and looked down at her. Her eyes were squeezed shut with tears, he hated himself then, but he kissed her again, long and brutally, then, suddenly, flung her away from him.

She clutched the wall for support, and her eyes held bleak reproach. "And I thought I'd left all that behind."

"On the way," he said sourly. "No, in the peace! I'm only twenty now."

"Twenty! It must be she had been eleven when the war had ended, Emma Schornswart for having a daughter so young! Stupidity made her raise doubt. "Then I guess it wasn't your fault I was a prisoner on the Valkyrie."

"Oh! — I think I understand." She seemed to grow with pride. "My father was as kind a man as he could be. Perhaps he died because of that. I'd — like to go now."

"I'll come with you. I'd — or — like to meet your friends."

Drunken was forty-five and put himself out to make the Australian welcome. The Tempest was a luxury, ocean-going yacht, its engines the latest in speed and power. Captain Toller, a square-jaw with hard eyes, bowed stiffly. Steve, in khaki beach-jeans plus a belted shirt, was affable when introduc-

ed as a scientific assistant. The engineer was suspicious, and Black the mate, was just plain, big, stinky.

Two one-eyed men, also with scars, were not introduced, and Gordon guessed that three negroes who had watched him come aboard, white eyes rolling, made up the crew. He explained his presence on Tempest. "Just pottering round. I like to get off the beaten track, but I only stored here to pass the night."

"Do need a place at any? Really through?"

"These islands do things to a man; I haven't started. I hope I won't be in your way. Nothing much-drunk, I suppose?"



"All right, you're NOT impossible . . . you're just highly improbable!"

"Oh, no! Purely scientific," Drunken assured him.

Which was one big bluff, Steve told himself, walking back. Drunken wanted the island to himself, and he did not want so many armed men for a scientific expedition on an uninhabited island. Steve asked his recovery, the other man meant nothing to him, but he had a vague suspicion that, somewhere, some time, he had bumped into Toller.

Fear grew in him during the following fortnight. But she had nothing to tell London when he tried to learn about it. He struggled, and they walked along the beach, only to stop beside one of Church-

her's many sensations; it was like a short, shallow grave, Steve thought.

Druckhan joined them but he broke off casual conversation to peer intently into the sky. An airplane, diving high, swung towards the island, taking altitude rigidly. It made three runs over the lagoon, where the Tempest was anchored.

Steve broke the silence. "It's a long way from home for an Australian Navy plane." He laughed softly. "I reckon he'll know your yacht, if he sees it from up top again, Doctor."

"Probably?" Druckhan's voice broke his tone became corded. "We'll probably sail tomorrow, so we're having a quiet celebration to-night. We'd be glad if you'd join us, London." Then, "You'd better come with me, Elsie. I'd like you to get my notes into order before we leave here."

That night, Steve boarded the yacht and headed for the big saloon. Toller called to him that Elsie was in the smaller saloon. Steve glanced up; Toller's face framed by the top of the open porthole-way, stared down at him. Steve nodded and turned, groping for a memory.

He found that memory as he entered the small saloon. It was one of a Lieutenant staring down into the porthole held on the Valpurga. He had not been Toller then, but his memory came too late. Black hit him from behind, and Steve blacked-out.

Water brought London back to consciousness; it was lapping around him on the floor of the saloon.

Water came in with a rush which swept him off his feet. The lights blacked-out, and the yacht tilted heavily at the bows.

London knew what had happened; the air-clocks had been opened, and the Tempest had been scuttled. He groped blindly for the companion-way, but, as he reached its foot, a torrent of water poured over him; the bows of the yacht dipped further, and the Tempest nose-dived for the bottom.

Blackness lightened to the grey of pre-dawn, but the weight still pressed on him, constricting his lungs, suffocating him. Yet no chill of death possessed him; he was conscious vaguely of the warmth of life. Later, he was conscious of growing light; of a rising sun, but it hung suspended three inches above his eyes, and it had twin beads set in it, like blue sapphires. And it had soft, warm lips which pressed to him.

"I dived, overboard, when they were working the luggers out of the lagoon," Elsie told him later. "It was my first chance to get away. I meant to die when I saw the Tempest nose-dive, but I found you, and life was worth fighting for then."

"Yes, but what's it all about?"

"Treasure! The Valpurga buried it here, but the plans were wrong, my father made them wrong purposely. Druckhan knew I could give the clue, even though I was not aware it was a clue. That's why they kept me alive after I'd given him the plan. Of course the treasure was for West Indians, at the last of the war."

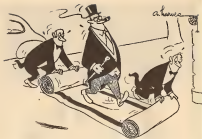
She smiled at him sympathetically. "I'm sorry you can't get any of the treasure, Steve; it might have made up for you not finding any pearls."

Steve grinned back at her. He should worry about the pearls or Pearles when the head cradled in his arm had hair of golden flax and eyes that were twin blue sapphires.

CARTOON CAVALCADE



"You wouldn't look good in either one . . . why don't we stay home?"



"Hello, Mr. Marshall . . . join in?"



"Hello, Marlon, can you come out and play?"

NOTICE

To

CAVALCADE READERS

So widespread has been the acclaim for Cavalcade's "Know-yourself" articles, that the magazine will, from next issue lay emphasis to this helpful and informative type of reading.

Cavalcade's Photo and Fiction features will continue and cartoon content will be enlarged. Price of the new, larger publication will be 2/6.



The mighty atom of swat

Jimmy Wilde wrote an unforgettable chapter on British boxing. He was probably the greatest fighter of all time.

RAY MITCHELL • FACT

ONLY scientists spoke of splitting the atom thirty or forty years ago—the men in the street never gave it a thought. But many spoke of the possibility of smashing the atom, many wondered if the atom would ever be torn asunder. But they did not mean the atom bomb—they were not thinking of uranium—the atom then under much discussion was "The Mighty Atom", Jimmy Wilde, probably the greatest fighting machine ever to grace the ring.

Jimmy Wilde was a freak. Two feet, two-and-a-half inches tall, he never weighed more than seven stone, seven pounds and was under 100 pounds when he won the world flyweight title. They called him "The Ghost With The Hammer In His Hand" because he looked like a sickly child, yet could—and did—flatter lightweights with a punch which carried more power than his body weight. Scientists, doctors and boxing experts all tried to solve the enigma of Jimmy Wilde. How could such a small frame pack so much dynamite? No one ever arrived at a satisfactory answer. Maybe, with the size of the



A package of dynamite, weighing only about a hundred pounds, Jimmy Wilde is believed to have had about 800 fights for only four losses.

current atom bomb is relation to their devastating power, there could be an answer to the Wilde riddle.

Jimmy was the first world fly-weight champion and he held that title longer than any flyweight since—six and a half years. And because he was so small and so good, he had to fight bantams, featherweights and even light-weights in order to keep busy. Indeed, Jimmy did not finish with the 135 pound boys—he sparred with heavyweights in show bouts and on one occasion sparred with the British heavyweight champion, Bombarde Billy Wells, with such effect that Wells called it off after a couple of rounds because he couldn't hit the little phantom.

The record books list 141 fights to the credit of Wilde, with 75 knock-out victories and lost four losses. But Wilde fought many more fights than that; he fought so often and in so many places that no one is sure how many contests he did have. He says he fought over 300 and that figure, astounding though it is, could be near the mark. And still he lost but four contests.

Idol of millions, friend of royalty, a man who did as much for British boxing as any in its long history, Wilde met England in mourning when he finally lost his title in one of the greatest exhibitions ever seen in the ring.

It took time for Wilde to reach public acclaim. Born in Penny-rd, Wales, on May 13, 1883, he worked in the mines before he reached school-leaving age. He was frail, but strong and found no difficulty doing the work.

He seemed destined to remain a miner until Jack Sharrett and his boxing tent arrived. Sharrett conducted a boxing tourney and



Jimmy entered in the bantam division (weight limit 5 stone, 4 pounds). He weighed six stone eight, but he knocked out two opponents in two rounds each and won the final in four rounds. For this he received a coffee set—and an invitation to make his mark in the boxing world.

Turning professional, Jimmy won fight after fight and usually received five shillings for his efforts. The crowds laughed at him because of his size, but after a few fights they began to marvel at the small wall-of-the-wasp. He proved to be more and would-be boxers he met while travelling in a boxing tent that he peaked a terrific welter and was as elusive as a shadow.

In one day Wilde fought sixteen



fights and won 11 by knock-outs. The other—a lad of nearly six feet and nine and a half stone—lasted the distance. For his day's work Wilde received 30 shillings!

The record-books do not list Jimmy's fights before 1911. He had 23 fights that year, winning 23 by knock-out, and every time he gave away weight—usually more than a stone.

Only one fight of 12 lasted the scheduled 12 rounds during 1911, and in 1913 he won 15 of 16 fights by the short route.

In a contest for the British fly-weight title with Toney Lee in 1915, Wilde suffered his first loss. Lee won by k.o. in the seventeenth round, but Jimmy was suffering from flu. He revenged himself upon Lee the following year by

Jimmy Wilde came to the end of the trail when he was knocked out by Pancho Villa in one of the most courageous displays ever seen in the boxing ring.

a k.o. in 17 hard-fought rounds. It wasn't until December 18, 1916, that the first official world fly-weight title was held. Wilde knocked out the American, Edna Kist, in 11 rounds.

Joining the Army, Wilde could not fight for money, but this was overcome in his fight with American lightweight Joe Conn. Jimmy received a small sack of diamonds when he won by a k.o. in the 12th round.

It was in the final of the Inter-Alleed King's Trophy Competition that Wilde suffered his second

defeat American Pat Moore out-pointed him over three rounds. He got revenge on Moore the next year by winning a points decision over 24 rounds.

Following his loss to Moore, Jimmy showed America his prowess by thoroughly trouncing lightweight Jack Sharkey in a ten-round no-doubt contest. Wilde had the rated lightweight on the floor.

Wilde was never defeated in America until his last fight. But in 1881, then on the down grade, he was matched to fight Pete Herman. Pete was world bantam champion when the match was made and he agreed to defend his title against Wilde in London. But Jimmy's reputation was well known and Pete did not want to leave his trife in England, so before leaving America he "lost" his crown to Joe Lynch, who had already been beaten by the Mighty Atom. Actually he lost his crown to Lynch, as he re-won it after the Wilde fight.

The promoters of the Wilde-Herman fight were two Americans. They hired the Albert Hall for the occasion and guaranteed each fighter \$3000. But when Herman arrived in England without his title, the promoters told him flatly that he would receive only \$1000. When Herman argued, they pointed out that he had broken the contract by defending his title in America after agreeing to defend it against Wilde. Herman had no alternative but to go through with the bout, although he had a trick up his sleeve.

Wilde demanded his \$3000 before the fight, and he got it.

It seemed that all England rolled up for that fight; it was a sell-out and the Prince of Wales, a Wilde

admirer, was present. But there were a couple of kinks. Curiously, Herman demanded his money—\$3000, not \$3000—or he would not fight. Then Wilde went sour and refused to fight.

The crowd, which had come in good humor, grew ugly when it was announced that the Betting Law Society — Bombedier Wells fight was off. The promoters were not game to announce that the Wilde-Herman fight was off too. But as time dragged on the crowd became impatient. Rumors spread that Wilde would not appear, and a riot seemed imminent. Finally the Prince of Wales was told. He went word to Jimmy that he would like to see him fight Herman. It was a Royal Command and Jimmy had to fight.

Did the Prince want Jimmy because he stood his request, he would not have done so. For it was obvious that Jimmy was not in good health. "I will do my best," he said to the Prince as he passed.

Jimmy took a hiding that night. Punches landed on him that he would have slipped before, his own punching-power was absent and Herman capitalized on it. The hiding was systematic, and in the seventeenth round Herman sent Wilde through the ropes, where his head hit the ring apron with a smacking smack. That smack later robbed the great little Welshman of his title; it left him with headaches for months.

But Wilde got up. Twice more he was sent to the floor, and each time he got to his feet. The referee walked between them and awarded the winner. Wilde angrily protested; as the referee picked him up in his arms and carried him to his corner. "Your heart is too big for your body, Jimmy," he

said. And how right he was. Wilde did not fight again, except for engaging in an exhibition bout with Freddie Palmer, for almost two and a half years. But America became interested in a Filipino, Pancho Villa, and Jimmy was offered a tremendous sum to go to New York to defend his title. Jimmy knew he could not win; he knew that he was but a shadow of his former greatness, but he could not refuse the offer. He went to New York and tangled with Villa on June 14, 1921.

That fight has gone down in history. Those who saw it claim Wilde's display as one of the greatest ever seen. Even so, Jimmy did some damage to Villa early in

the fight. He staggered the Gory Filipino in the second round and made Villa treat him with respect. But as the bell ended the second round and Jimmy dropped his hands, Villa had a punch on the way. It landed on Wilde's jaw and dropped him to the canvas. From then on it was all Villa. Wilde was out on his feet and had no recollection of what happened from that moment until three weeks later, when he awoke to find himself at a sanatorium.

Wilde never fought again. In his career of some 280 fights, only two men proved his under—and on both occasions Wilde was past his prime. He was the greatest of the great.



"Turn! What a shock for the poor guy!"



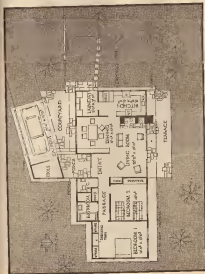
CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH

H. J. MORGAN

THIS house, 12½ squares floor area, is designed for indoor-outdoor living. The house will fit comfortably on a 60' 0" wide block of land. Bedrooms, living room and kitchen obtain a northerly view and the terrace in front of the living room and kitchen make outdoor dining and living ideal. A screen at the western end of the terrace protects it from undesirable westerly winds whereas full benefit is gained from cooling north-easterlies. Cupboards are provided in all rooms where required and a meal recess in the kitchen is in a

position convenient for serving. The carport is placed near to the entrance to protect it from southerly weather and is placed at an acute angle to the entry court so that visitors approaching the house can lead into the front door. The construction is of timber with vertical boarding externally and timber panelling, fibrous plaster or other suitable material internally. The fireplace is constructed of stone or brickwork. The roof is a gable over the living area, corrugated asbestos cement lining, with a flat roof over tool store and carport.

No. 19 A HOME FOR INDOOR-OUTDOOR LIVING





Lucky Ludlow

I got the breaks, I admit. But I might have let a little slip through my fingers if I had not been ready to take advantage of the breaks.

WAGE S. RUBINTOW
• FICTION

JUST PAST Thornd Head Luthhouse, my Plymouth stopped to a stop. I swore under my breath. Already I could hear my wife complaining "I forgot to fill the gas tank."

I swore some more, rubbed yesterday's shins, and listened to the rain. Stage drops, jam-packed and cloud high, beat the air.

Time is always of the essence in trucking down a mountain. Often it's a matter of minutes. Usually it's always a matter of luck.

And I had used my own car to save time. They call me lucky Ludlow. The first Homestead homicide is months and I'm late. Pfluger will have the case wrapped up before I get there. He'd like that. Now he would like that. There's nothing like having your amateur bucking for your job to keep you on your toes.

That's what I had to do—get on my toes. Too bad that myself to the scene of the crime. There wasn't likely to be a car doing my way—or any way. Week-night traffic is not heavy here after midnight.

I opened the car door and pushed into the rain.

When two headlights curved into view, I snapped on my flashlight. The car was Wackerl-bound, but I didn't care Homestead

52-44

materialists are generally helpful.

I swung the dash below my belt like a lantern. A light over Chavez came past. Stopped. I pushed my badge and flashlight toward the car's lowering window. "Ladlow, detective, homicide."

"What is it, Sergeant?" His voice was deep.

"I ran out of gas. I need a lift—about a mile from here—not your way."

Under my flashlight beam and his lanterns' light, I could see the guy trying to make up his mind. "Yeah, sure, Sergeant. Get in out of the rain."

I opened the back door, showed some display advertising cards aside and sat down.

He, U-turned, opened up his window shield wipers, and asked, "What's the trouble?"

"Hemlock. We don't get many of them here." To make conversation, I added, "See you work for Proctor and Gamble?"

"What?"

"These display cards." I unconsciously pointed with my flashlight and automatically pressed the switch.

"Oh. Yeah. Sure."

I pondered that a bit. "How's business?"

"Can't complain."

I continued to ponder his working for Proctor and Gamble.

"Slow up a bit, I think we turn soon." We passed Kinkadee "Turn right on Endersman, the next street . . . Here we are. Park behind that police car. Thanks."

Matt Wallis came from the house.

"Matt," I said, "I ran out of gas. This man gave me a lift, sit in here and keep him company while I'm inside."

"Hey! What is this?" the guy demanded. "You don't need me. I want to go home."

"Sure. Don't we all? This is no shift to be out. But stick here a minute, I'll be back."

I made the entrance hall, hall, here, and heard Tom Pfluger had a telephone receiver clamped to his ear. His black, head-like eyes shifted from me to his wristwatch and back to me again.

At the foot of the stairs lay a man in a blue linen dressing robe. He was about sixty-five. His gray hair was blood-stained. His right hand clutched a crash-mattress. It wasn't the murder weapon. The murder weapon—a point-bladed colt—lay on the floor, about twenty inches from the victim's head.

"Dead," Pfluger said, cradling the phone. "I've called the boys. Hurdy and mister—looks like to me." He pointed to a stick in the living room. Drawers had been pulled out. Their contents cluttered the floor. An open green tin box sat on the kitchen pad. "Burger slugged over as he came downstairs."

Pfluger had it all figured out. He'd been hurrying before I got there. "Mrs. Keller said her husband always kept a thousand pounds in the desk at his place. She didn't see the burger. She awakened when his car roared away and noticed her husband wasn't in his twin bed. She came down, found him dead, phoned headquarters. She's upstairs now—I thought it would be better."

"Good work, Pfluger, you got everything," I meant it; the guy was good. "Bring in the killer. I want to talk to him."

"I want to talk to him, too. You bring him in." Pfluger's white teeth flashed as he said that. "This is going to be a slip. No witnesses. No clues. No nothing."

"If that's the case, I agree with you, but I don't think that's the case. I'll have the killer handcuffed

in a few minutes." It was a rash statement. I repeated making it. "If you do," Pfluger sneered, "I'll be a new record even for Lucky Ladlow."

I let that go by. "After you passed me on Diamond Road, I ran out of gas. I stopped down a restaurant, Matt's with him outside. I've kept him long enough. I should either send him away or take him in."

"What do you mean? The guy did you a favor?"

"He certainly did. Bring him in. I want to talk to him. If he resists, bring him anyway."

Pfluger marched to the front door. I went through the living room to the inner. The man had stopped. The stairs sparkled—as if they'd been washed in the detergent suds on those display advertising cards I'd seen on the car seat.

I was playing a hunch that turned too fast to be fruitful.

A shuffle of feet and voices took me back through the living room.

"What's the idea?" my highway helper demanded. "I go out of my way in a storm to help you. Then you detain me. Now you have me pushed around as if I were a—"

"A murderer!" I asked, playing my hunch.

"What do you mean?"

"Look at that." I pointed to what I suspected his gun had been carefully avoided.

He turned slowly. Gulped air. Stopped back. "What happened?"

"Murder. Not a very pretty sight with the lights on. Never is."

"Why?"

"That's what we're here for. A burger was disturbed as he took money from that box on the desk. How—" I hesitated, a few hunches had paid off in the past. Some had gotten me into a lot of

trouble. The Chief didn't like hunches. "How much money do you have on you?"

"What is that?" He backed into Matt.

"Murder—like I said." I shot a glance at Pfluger. His black, head-like eyes were highlighted with excitement. Then I asked, knowing that "could be totally wrong." "Search him, Matt."

"You can't. You can't suspect me."

"I suspect everybody and everything in the room. I'll—"

"You'll hear from my lawyer."

"I suspect I will. I suspect your lawyer will have a good deal to say to the D.A., the jury, and the judge. All right, boys, search him."

Four hands went over the guy. Two hands shook. "Nothing on him," Pfluger said. "Except twelve pounds in his wallet."

"Of course, there's nothing on me," the guy said. "Look, I was coming along Diamond Road when the police car turned off."

"That's right," Pfluger said. "I remember seeing him on a light grey Chevy." Pfluger turned his back to me. In his case, it was polite. He was wearing a self-satisfied grin.

I wondered whose side he was on. I had been awfully wrong. Everything that guy said could be true. Surprisingly, it was true.

My only suspect was free to walk away from the scene of the crime. As Pfluger had said, this was going to be a pap. And my late suspect was going to his lawyer, who would go to the Chief. The Chief would send for me.

A mental picture kept flashing—like a neon sign at my dull brain. I stood there for a moment looking intently at my highway helper. Finally I said, "Sorry. I made a mistake, I do, sometimes, and I'm always embarrassed."

He relaxed visibly. "That's all

Cavalcade's
Know Yourself
section



Sleep your ills away

Long periods of induced slumber are being used to break drug and alcohol addiction, as well as mental and other ills.

SHAKESPEARE was right when he wrote that sleep does "knif up the novelled slumbers of care". Now modern science is finding that long periods of sleep have a wonderful power to heal sick minds. Artificially-induced sleep lasting from one to four weeks and even longer on some cases, seems to encourage more normal functions of some brains even suffering the ravages" attributed to a world place in society.

The new "human hibernation" method is being used as the most promising development in the treatment of mental illness.

right. Sergeant. We all make mistakes." Surprisingly, everything this guy said was true. "Now, I'd like to run along. See you tomorrow."

"Yeah, sure." One thing told me that something he said wasn't true. That one thing was the mental picture flashing like a neon sign. "Before you go" I pushed my hand toward him. He shook it politely. I held on, and asked, casually, "By the way, what's the name of the buyer at the Koo Koo Super Mart?"

"Koo Koo Super Mart?" The guy looked at me as if I were nuts. "Oh—you mean Random."

That did it. The guy was a liar. "No, I mean Jack Burrows, he's a good friend of mine." I let the guy's hand go and turned to Matt. "Matt, go out in this jerk's car. See how long it would take a man to slip a wad of mastic from his coat pocket under the seat. While you're about it, bring back the notes."

Two minutes later, Matt returned with a mastic envelope. "Found this under the front seat, driver's side."

I opened the envelope and thumbed through the thick-stacked folding green. "Let of dough for a salesman to carry under the front seat of his car. Isn't it?"

"I don't know anything about that money," the guy said. "It's a frame. I was coming down Diamond Road Road when the police car turned on to this street. This officer," he pointed to Pfluger, "admits seeing me."

"The man he does. Take him on, fellows. He wait for the lab boys, then bring in his car. I suspect he stole it."

Matt had his BS on the guy. I went out to the hotel.

Pfluger followed me. "Give me the did-in. Why do you think that guy has a stolen car? Why did you suspect him?"

"A loud, soap salesman would know the name of the buyer at Koo Koo Super Mart."

"A little thing like that doesn't make him a car thief. A guy could make a mistake, he could have forgotten. And stealing a car doesn't make him a murderer."

"Sure, sure," I said politely. "But a guy usually remembers the name of the company he works for. When I piled into the back seat of his car, I saw advertising display cards. I asked I see you work for Proctor and Gamble." He said, "What?" in a surprised voice.

"I explained, 'These display cards' unconsciously pointing with my flashlight and asthetically pressing the switch. He said, 'Oh, yeah. Sure.' Right then I suspected the car wasn't his."

"Why?" Pfluger demanded again.

"The flash beam showed the display cards were for a Palmolive-Foel detergent. When I find stolen money from the scene of a murder in his possession, I put one and two together."

"All right," Pfluger admitted, "but why would he bring a cop to the scene of his crime? How come we passed him coming along Diamond Road Road just as we turned onto this street?"

"If he had refused to drive me home, I'd have wondered why. I'd have investigated. Perhaps you was planned— just in case he needed an alibi. Not he did something to call your attention to his car." I turned back into the living room.

"It almost worked. He's a cool killer."

"Yeah," Matt said. "Look at him shake."

Pfluger turned his back to me, but I heard him mutter, "Lucky Lindero."

I gave him,

since the introduction of electric and insulin shock therapy. As a matter of fact, The Big Sleep seems to be helpful to the mind in much the same manner as shock treatment—only in a much more sustained way and accompanied by no violent distress. The metabolism of the brain cells is lowered, permitting a "slow-down" of operation and apparently the cessation of comparative furies.

Many doctors also view this new remedy as a promising approach for treating alcohol and drug addicts. The addict is able to slumber through what would normally be periods of intense suffering from drug or drink craving during withdrawal. Many an alcoholic and drug addict would "take the cure" were it not for the harsh "happies" that follow when the accustomed drug is withheld.

So harrowing is this experience that many addicts under treatment lapse into convulsive movements which make a hang-over a minor suffering by comparison. Every nerve and fibre of the body quivers as though under combined assault of a jolted electric chair, a three-wired perfume quill and writhing worms, while the mind dig and twist recklessly in a confusion of confusion.

In a blunted state of prolonged deep sleep, the addict slumps into a new life and back to the world of reality. The work of quiet permits the body to master all of its resources to combat the shock of alcohol or opium withdrawal.

Some addicts, who would fight attempts at cure because of grail feelings which they cannot control, are unable to rest again; weakness during their convalescent state. The various physical factors that are often behind excessive drinking or drug addiction

seem to be submerged among many of the patients when they awaken from the "Big Yaw Winkle" treatment.

Deep sleep therapy was originated in Europe, particularly in the Scandinavian countries, where it is known as "dramosedel". Successful results have been reported at Burg Holteig Hospital in Zurich, Lausanne in Fribourg near Geneva, and the famed Neuro-psychiatric University Hospital of Vienna.

"Dramosedel" was first tried by a European researcher some 40 years ago. But it proved impractical—sometimes disastrous—because of imperfect control methods. The sleep-inducing drugs were too harsh, and means of caring for the sleeping patient were far inferior to the current sagacity of medical science.

New sedative-hypnotic drugs are given to induce and maintain deep sleep in the latest and most successful methods of treatment. Fortunately, the sedative drugs are combined with a modern heart stimulant, which helps maintain circulation during the long slumber and recovery. The stimulant does not stop up brain activity to any extent, because it is given in carefully controlled relationship to the sleep potion.

Liquid nourishment, plus vitamins and minerals, are injected every day, although no great quantity of food is needed because of the patient's inactivity.

A strange air surrounds the scene of "dramosedel". The room is darkened, temperature and humidity are rigorously regulated. There is no sound save the occasional stirring of the slumbering man or woman being treated. If the patient talks during the sleep, notations are made, for pos-

sible analysis, by a specially trained nurse always at the bedside. After the first two or three days of sleep, the patient usually becomes extremely quiet and relaxed. A constant watch is kept over heart action, blood pressure and respiration, all of which slow down markedly—just as with certain hibernators and other forms of animal life which, without benefit of drugs, and naturally fall sound asleep in some caves for weeks during the winter.

Nails and hair grow rapidly during the sleep and are regularly attended to by barbers, hairdressers and manicurists.

Conservingly the patient receiving a periodically long treatment is permitted to half-awaken for a brief period for a "waking-up" and stimulation of vital functions.

Upon awakening, the patient usually has no consciousness of the length of time—even after sleeping steadily from three to four weeks. There is little consciousness of any dreams. Psychotherapy is sometimes applied when the patient first wakes up.

Since the reported use of any strong sedative can be dangerous, there is a limit to the number of days or weeks that a patient can undergo "dramosedel" as it is now practiced. But scientists are seeking to learn the mysterious means by which some forms of animal life can hibernate or go into suspended animation. If natural means of inducing suspended animation can be found, man might be able to sleep for many years, with his body aging only slightly.

In addition, physicians are finding evidence that long sleep can help in the treatment of ulcers of the stomach and ulcers by slowing the flow of gastric juices and

letting healing processes gain a foothold.

Sleep is still much of a mystery. It is believed controlled by the more primitive brain centres, such as the hypothalamus, deep in the brain. Some of the lowest forms of life, as well as the highest (the bear), can sleep steadily for long periods.

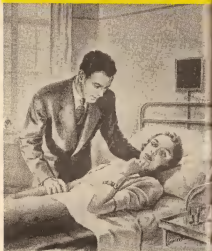
A Swiss scientist, Dr. W. Hess, holds a Nobel prize for discovering that a weak electric current applied to certain areas of the brain could produce sleep at will. On the other hand, use of refrigeration to induce hibernation has not met with any great success. In research at Philadelphia, women naked except for a lam-cloth, were put to "sleep" with cooled air and an electric fan. Internal temperatures were forced down below 80.

As early as 40 days of this deep was applied intermittently for treatment of hepatic cancer by slowing body cell activity. Growth of healthy "repair" tissue was said to have been faster than that of malignant cells. Results were never very conclusive, and almost all researchers feel that we must look elsewhere for a practical system of hibernation.

There is no denying that an ordinary good night's sleep does wonders for the average person, and that we are justified in speculating on a possible great increase in longevity if we could sleep for even longer stretches. Hibernation may become Man's domain of Youth, once Brother Bear lets us know how it's done.

A famous British psychologist, Dr. Wilhelm Freud, has said: "It is theoretically possible to live a century and a half by using periods of long sleep."

You need not lose your baby



Even the poor health of a mother-to-be doesn't mean now that she must lose her unborn child

EUGENE S. MOZES, M.D. • FACT

YOU are carrying your unborn baby with pride. Fondly you make a list, you look at articles of clothing in baby shops, you lay hands on one of the baby. Then you lose the child. It is tragic. Certainly you have not seen the baby, but you have grown to love it nevertheless. Now you have lost it. Why? Maybe if you had not slipped on the rug you would not have had the miscarriage!

Slipping on the rug did not have anything to do with it. It is just one of the dangers associated with miscarriage. Hard work, injury, excessive smoking, drinking or taking some powerful medicine do not bring on miscarriage. The child in the womb is so well protected that it cannot be easily harmed.

Recently a woman, pregnant for seven months, was so severely injured in a motor accident that she died in a hospital a few hours later. Three minutes after her death doctors delivered a perfectly normal baby by Caesarian operation.

In order to carry a pregnancy through safely, three basic conditions must be met. The two sex cells—the father's and the mother's—must be healthy, the womb must provide a proper nest for the fetus, the physical and psycho-

logical condition of the mother should meet the requirements of the growing fetus. If anything goes wrong with these three things, the result is usually the expulsion of the fetus. It is important for the doctor to know which of these three has gone awry, for, by proper treatment and precautionary measures, he can prevent a threatened miscarriage.

Miscarriage can be prevented. A few years ago little could be done, but modern medical science has made important advances. Sex hormones and other medications are now available.

However, prevention of miscarriage is largely dependent on the woman herself. She should vigorously avoid those adverse influences during the early months of pregnancy which we know are likely to lead to its untimely interruption.

Although accidents, work, or any not harmful pregnancy, seemingly trivial things like sudden fright, anger, great emotional upset or deep anxiety may lead to miscarriage.

One-half of miscarriages, especially the earlier ones, are due to a defective sex cell, either the father's or mother's. Such defects will allow the fetus to develop up

A miscarriage can be prevented if the doctor is notified in time and the mother gets complete rest

to a certain time, when nature inevitably gets rid of an undesirable embryo by expelling it from the womb.

This is perhaps fortunate and prevents the birth of a deformed baby. Once conception has taken place, nothing can be done to correct it. However, for the woman who has miscarried for this reason, much can be done to ensure the safety of further pregnancies. Examination of the husband often reveals that he has too few sperm cells—or a percentage of them are immature. Often an under-functioning thyroid gland or a diet deficiency is responsible. These faults can be easily corrected.

Dr. C. Meier and S. L. Israel, of the University of Pennsylvania, reported recently that they had treated 30 sterile couples for sperm deficiency. Subsequently 24 of these wives gave birth to full-term babies.

Sometimes the fault lays with the wife. She may release an immature ovum. This is likely to happen near the beginning and near the end of a woman's reproductive life.

It has been found that, even during the most productive period of a woman's life, not all female eggs released at different times are equally mature. If an immature egg is fertilized, the result will be an early miscarriage. As a matter of fact, many a delayed period is really an early miscarriage. Doctors have recovered a tiny round white mass in the menstrual blood which, under a microscope, turned out to be an embryo just without a trace of the embryo itself.

Miscarriage is seldom due to unsuitable conditions of the womb itself. True, occasionally a polyp or blood tumor interferes with the proper nourishment of the

fetus. Furthermore, a womb tilted backward should seldom be blamed for a miscarriage, since at the end of the fourth month of pregnancy the womb runs above the pelvic girdle. Thus displacement is automatically corrected.

Once two healthy sex cells have united and found a nest in a normal womb, the factors still faces numerous hazards, especially in the early months of pregnancy. These hazards are presented by the state of health of the mother. Consequently, a large proportion of miscarriages is due entirely to maternal factors. Fortunately, such faults can be remedied in time.

Despite a far better knowledge of nutritional requirements today, too many miscarriages still are due to an inadequate diet.

Dr. W. M. Silberstein and G. P. Hart gave vitamin E, both by mouth and by injection, to 169 women who showed all the signs of a beginning miscarriage. Subsequently 85 per cent of these women gave birth at full time to healthy infants.

The best source of vitamin E is wheat-germ oil. However, the content of wheat-germ oil is variable and it is better to take it in synthetic form.

A well-functioning thyroid gland is important in another respect by aiding helping to restore the female egg, for if it breaks down later on it seriously interferes with the proper nutrition of the fetus. A doctor can tell by a simple test whether the thyroid is healthy. Those who miscarry habitually should have a thyroid check once a month.

Fortunately, today, with highly effective and prompt-acting hormone-influencing diseases are no longer important factors in miscarriage.

Of much greater importance is ignorance as to the amount of the various hormones necessary during the early part of pregnancy. One of these, estrogen, causes slight contractions in the pregnant womb, which are effectively controlled by the opposite action of progesterone. Progesterone is produced by the so-called yellow-body formed in the tiny ovaries and after the female sex has left it. Deficiency of progesterone, which is responsible for many miscarriages, is today successfully corrected by repeated injection of this substance.

Many years ago Dr. Paul Tarn noted that the majority of 187 women admitted to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, U.S.A., either miscarried or showed signs of an impending miscarriage just at the time when they normally would have had their menstrual period. This was due to a temporary imbalance of these two hormones.

The so-called 18th blood factor has nothing to do with miscarriage. A real factor in miscarriage is purely psychological in origin. Quite frequently unexpected miscarriage follows great emotional upset, anger, anxiety, fright, or some extremely unpleasant experience.

Emotional stimuli, especially those of an unpleasant kind, may adversely influence conditions deep in the womb. Furthermore, minor physical shortcomings, in themselves sufficient to terminate pregnancy, can be greatly aggravated by these factors.

Intense passion of the woman is sometimes said to be a cause of miscarriage, but this is extremely doubtful. Dr. J. L. Parks, of George Washington University Hospital, Washington, U.S.A., found close association between recent intercourse and premature labor in

women with a previous history of miscarriage. Because of a slight imbalance in hormones, women who habitually miscarry should avoid sexual intercourse for three or four days at four-week intervals, counting from the last period.

Important as it is to know what usually causes miscarriage, it is equally important to recognize an impending miscarriage, for thousands of cases have been helped by calling a doctor without delay.

A miscarriage is usually, but not always, indicated by the appearance of vaginal bleeding, slight amount of bleeding, and colicky pains in the lower abdomen.

Signs of miscarriage especially in women who have previously lost a number of babies, should always be regarded as an emergency. Absolute bed-rest, even before the doctor arrives, is important in every case. Hot, a word of warning: never apply an ice-pack to the abdomen. That increases the contractions of the womb and makes miscarriage inevitable.

The doctor can start proper treatment by giving the necessary hormones and stop the pain by sedatives.

Absolute bed-rest means absolute bed-rest. Many a woman has lost her child by getting up to go to the bathroom. She should remain in bed for at least three days after bleeding and pain cease.

Not every miscarriage can be prevented, but modern medicine has achieved such brilliant success, and there are so many remedial methods, that it is really up to the expectant mother to inform herself of the help readily available and, even more, to recognize the danger signals which tell of an imminent but avoidable miscarriage.



How to add 10 years to your life

One person out of every four will die before his time because his "appetite" is compelling him into making wrong food choices.

MCKAY HELPS • FACT

THE comfortable and comforting tradition in that heart trouble, ulcers, hypertension, blood pressure and such things are due to overwork and overworry.

Usually the heart and blood-pressure troubles belong to the fat man, the ulcers and hypertension to the thin one.

And they become a hedge of how important he must be to worry so much.

Apart from the fact that the worry may simply be a sign of his inefficiency, the practical health result is probably to be found on his plate.

"Eating well" does not mean eating a lot and a strict diet does not mean semi-starvation. Over-busy people are apt to grow thin and suffer bad health because they don't eat enough food; but worse dangers await the fat folk who eat

too much, build up their weight, induce blood pressure and overstrain their hearts by asking that organ to do too much.

Healthy mind and body do not require an excess of heavy food, and a lot of butter, fat-containing foods are not energy- or health-giving. Often the big eater is just an unhappy man seeking emotional compensation for some disappointment.

This phenomenon is so common in society that it has become the subject of comedian jokes. "Buffs in love with a girl who turned him down, so he's asking himself to death to console himself," is one very shrewd comment.

That the emotions frequently trigger overeating with all its subsequent ill effects has been generally known to psychiatrists and psychologists for a long time. But that there is an emotional center in the brain that actually stimulates an abnormal desire for food was not discovered until recently.

Now was much known about how to combat this unhealthy desire for excessive quantities of food, any more than much was known about how to combat the uncontrollable craving for alcohol which has turned millions into hopeless drunkards.

Now, due to an amazing series

The fat man will die just about as many years short of his life-expectancy as he is pounds overweight.

of experiments conducted by several different individuals, the mysterious "appetite" which controls appetite has been located and its functions revealed. More, medical science now knows how the "appetite"—which regulates the desire for food much as a thermostat regulates the fuel consumption in a house—can be "reset" when it is set too high.

Furthermore, it is known that the "appetite"—which is merely a convenient and fairly descriptive functional nickname for a certain area in the brain—is an entirely different control from normal hunger.

Overeating is a far more dangerous "disease" than most persons realize. Yet doctors—many of whom are overeating themselves—are quick to emphasize that millions of us are habitually "digging our graves with our teeth".

The connection between obesity and premature death has been established beyond doubt. Life-insurance records reveal that the old saw, "Each pound you're overweight takes a year off your life", is appallingly close to the truth. That is, if a person with a normal life-expectancy of close to seventy years remains consistently overweight throughout his whole life, he is very likely to die just about as many years short of normal life-expectancy as he was pounds overweight.

Ten pounds overweight and the chances are he'll die before he has sixty; twenty pounds overweight and the odds favor he'll die before he's fifty—that's the natural rule.

That these statements are not just scaremongering is proven by the reluctance of life-insurance companies to issue policies to applicants with substantial amounts of excess weight. "We'll have

to turn you down until you get rid of that extra poundage," they have told thousands of applicants. They know that the chances of making money on overweight policyholders are definitely dimmed. And they are in business to make money—not to give it away.

THE real truth is that twenty-five per cent of the population—and in every four—has so much overweight that they are going to die before they should, say the insurance companies.

If you're one of them, if you have a friend who is, or if you're beginning to develop a dangerous craving for too much tasty food—whether sweets, rich protein, or whatever else that's fattening—then you'd better know the facts as they're now understood.

Appetite is as different from natural hunger as night is from day. This is revealed by a study of animals in the wild state; they seldom, if ever, overeat when food is normally abundant, while they have an insatiable thirst for selected foods that are good for them.

IT IS only "selected" men who have almost completely lost his natural selectivity of foods and hunger-control of food intake. He has transformed eating from a biological necessity into a form of psychical expression—and frequently with disastrous results.

Some years ago, Dr. Anton J. Carlson, of the University of Chicago, established conclusively that true hunger brought on contractions of the stomach which, in turn, sent the animal—or human—on a search for food. These contractions ceased and hunger vanished as soon as a relatively



You can't argue with the scales. That extra couple of pounds was brought about by overeating.

moderate amount was eaten.

Very young babies, for example, have hunger but not appetite. Some years ago Dr. Clara Davis, of Mt. Sinai Hospital in Cleveland, observed a selected group of babies to pick and choose as they pleased from a large variety of foods set before them. They invariably chose a well-balanced diet—fruit, vegetables, and meat—and didn't gorge themselves. Without any instruction, they proved themselves excellent dieticians.

IN PERSONS who overeat habitually because of psychological moti-

vations, the hypothalamus has deliberately set the food-intake level too high. It needs to be adjusted downward, or extreme obesity and premature illness and possibly death will be the result.

The first step is to realize that the craving for food is not hunger, but a psychological substitution. The second realization should be that the substitute is just as harmful as alcohol or drugs, and just as useless.

The third step is to attempt to understand the psychological cause for overeating.

From then on it's a matter of mind, forced thinking, plus eating a healthful, balanced diet. For the first few days the appetite will crave unmoderated food as frenziedly as a spoiled child will feed until he is given whatever he demands, no matter how unreasonable it may be. And, as with the spoiled child, the discipline must be stern, with no exceptions allowed.

After the battle is won, it must be remembered that it is only temporary. With all the food enterprises constantly available in this land of superabundance, the temptation is always present to revert on some such meal as a couple of big pork chops, French fries, put a bit more and whatever. It's always easy to just "let go" and throw the appetite out of kilter again.

Don't do it. Stick to the diet faithfully, for the longer you do so the easier it will become. Eating moderately will become just as much a habit as overeating once was. For the appetite is, basically, a control centre or habit.

Finally, when the original fear of frustration is found and overcome, the desire to overeat is likely to vanish permanently. Then, and then only, will the trouble be finally cured.

Can your Marriage Last?

ANDREW GREY • FACT

Why easy dreams turn gray—and when a marriage breaks up, what it costs in cash to end the disappointment.

MARRIAGES are mostly likely to crack up where their basis is purely and simply physical attraction.

A study of what goes on once you get serious about a girl, shows that the physical side of the relationship is extremely important, both in regard to the success and failure of a marriage partnership.

Without this physical affinity, and a mutual satisfaction in marriage, the position cannot last; but where there is nothing more to bind a marriage than this physical set-up, then the marriage, again, seems doomed to failure.

Nobody, walking away from the altar, thinks that within a given time this happy event is going to fall to pieces, both parties are too too much in love to credit the possibility of such a situation.

But there are yearnings waiting lists at the divorce courts to demonstrate the number of times the worst happens.

Hardly, if ever, does the marriage fail because home life was a budgeted round of humdrum activities, or because the children screamed too much, or because the husband gave too much time to advocating and bettering the family position.

There are stable, human factors, and ones which grow as the marriage advances, and are not at time gone by.

But there are the young brides who, after a short time, find themselves in another man's arms. There are the proud bridegrooms who find themselves making excuses to stay out with another woman.

What changes the position? What causes the dissatisfaction between husband and wife? Why does the bridegroom of yesterday seek consolation with another girl, when not long ago he married the "only girl in the world?"

The answers to these questions are to be found in the purely personal relationship between the bride and groom. The physical intimacy which, before marriage, was the dominating thought, and which was to many of these young people the principal factor in the marriage, has failed to bind the partners together—and yet they have been told, have read, and know in their own minds that any marriage without physical satisfaction, would also fail to last.

French sociologists freely favor the saving of a wild act, because, they feel, the routine days are over.



when a man decides to get married. The French are supposed to be the most logical of all races—but they do not apply this same reasoning to their women who, before marriage, traditionally have been closely guarded.

They have understood that an innocent man entering marriage must, sooner or later, wonder whether there is more satisfaction to be had somewhere other than at home—and they turn an intelligent eye on the married man who keeps a discreet ménage, so long as his wife and children do not suffer by it.

But it seems to the candid observer that their tolerance of pre-marital affairs, and their acceptance of post-marital infidelity, add up to show one thing—that the traditional wild cat does not make for any happier marriages than usual. Otherwise the French would be the supreme exponents of happy marriage.

It is undoubtedly true that there is a lot of curiosity about how the marriage relationship would stack up if the woman had a different husband, or the husband had a different wife. There is no doubt that every man and woman has, at some time, wondered what the position would be if he had a different partner. But that is not a healthy curiosity.

Nor is it a profitable one. The fact is that the physical relationship of marriage is what you make it. Very few people have found that their initial experiences in physical love were the ideally paradise experiences described by poets and imitated by impressionable young people. Exactly what they thought the experience would be, even they themselves could not explain. But there are times without number when they have

expressed themselves to extremely disappointed.

It is nevertheless true that the physical expression of love can be a great experience—but not between strangers, not even on the sleep document of two people who know each other, not even to people who suddenly find that they are turned away by a great urge.

The initial experience of physical love can be disappointing as a rule for very simple reasons—that they are uncoordinated by high emotions, lack of knowledge, and even lack of understanding about the facts of mutual satisfaction.

That is why many of the unhappy partners are women; because they find their requirements from the act of love are rather different from those of a man; women are less adaptable, more romantic; they are slower to respond, and yet their need is great. When they are unsatisfied they feel that their man does not understand them, and they feel let down and disappointed by him. Very often that is because he does not realize that women feel differently, not differently, and expect different treatment. And very often he could change the whole aspect of the relationship—if he only knew what was expected.

Sexologists and experts in marital relations have stressed through recent years that satisfactory marriage relationships develop from an understanding of each partner by the other, and that from the time of marriage on, a mutual desire to please, and mutual consideration of each other, is the basis for that kind of satisfactory relationship which may, in the long run turn out to be all the poets say it is, but doesn't come easily.

It is the belief of experts that the very fact that the successful

BANNING THE HEART

A surgical team of doctors at Pittsburgh's Allegheny General Hospital has dried out the heart of a 24-year-old patient and closed it like a sock. It was a history-making, four-hour job. The team, headed by Dr. Edward Kant, and with Dr. Frank Neville doing most of the surgery, raised the patient's temperature to between 30 and 33 degrees, through the use of ice water. They took up most of the four hours. Then they clamped off the blood vessels leading to the heart. With the resultant "dry heart", they worked against time as they stitched a rupture in seven minutes. Keeping the heart from clamping for more than 15 to 20 minutes could have been fatal. As it was, the rupture was repaired and the patient is as well as ever.

marriage relationship takes some building, is a basic reason for marriage's going awry. They believe that those without number married people, disappointed in their current relationships, jump to the conclusion that the marriage was a mistake, without appreciating the difference that can be made by a sincere effort on the part of both partners to get things right.

They also believe that pre-marital experiences do not help either party to adjust themselves within marriage, since neither party is anxious to admit to previous experience outside marriage, especially on the first flush of married happiness. In women in particular, lack of knowledge (and by inference of experience) is still supposed to be a virtue.

It has also been recently pointed out that, in fact, pre-marital experience even lessens the chance of a successful marriage, whether the first experiences have been happy or not.

Cases quoted tend to show that when pre-marital experiences have been unhappy, the partners approach their married state in diffidence, if not in fear, and with some feeling of guilt or fear of discovery, and

are pretty sure that what failed before will fail again, anyway. Where pre-marital relationships have been happy, they may set up a false standard of comparison, and hinder the partners growing into a relationship of mutual satisfaction.

There is another side to the marriage story, however, which is equally a caution.

It is that of people who, finding themselves physically compatible, find that the physical aspect of marriage, and the round of social activities which they also appreciate form the whole structure of their married state.

This constitutes, from the psychologists' point of view, a failure to grow up on the part of the newly weds. Admittedly, they are not the only people who fail to grow up. The world is littered with people whose maturity has been arrested at some point, and who remain stationary, carrying a burden of immaturity or arrested development.

That may, in most walks of life, lead to personal unhappiness, but in marriage it leads to the inevitable end—divorce. It is understandable that, as courting occupies mainly of falling in love through a series of social activities, the

marriage ceremony can hardly be expected to effect a conversion of outlook in both parties overnight. More especially in the first period following marriage is the honeymoon which is an unabated continuance of courtship.

At the conclusion of the honeymoon the normal married couple have only a picture of a round of parties and dances and being together—and their first impulse having the privacy of their own home is to enjoy themselves together, and entertain their friends.

This is a very worthy round of activities, for a time; and the natural tiding off of it into more serious life is brought about by the arrival of an expected child.

Nothing unless people grow up more quickly than the activities, responsibilities, and happiness of parenthood. But where, as it increasingly common, both husband and wife continue to go to work

and no children are born, the social and sexual life run on into an adolescence, and at some stage pointlessness and boring constancy.

At the stage, at any rate, it is to be expected that the husband, wife, or both, decide to break their boredom by seeking new company; and at this stage the marriage becomes threatened with the real danger that, based on physical attraction and depending on physical pleasure, it has no lasting, lasting quality.

Every kind of emotional upset follows the beginning of an irregular marriage, when the husband who comes home late has to face a betrayed wife who believes she is no longer wanted; or when the husband who comes home to find that his wife in late hours down work, begins to feel he is being taken for granted.

A chart of the emotional reactions which occur on both sides

would be extremely interesting. Fear and jealousy would be prominent in it. And that emotion, leading inevitably to quarrels, can be fatal for people who are as true as children newswomen both of whom have their own income.

There is little to keep a man at home, once home becomes unpleasant, if he feels that he has no responsibility towards a working wife who has no children. There is little to keep a woman as a straight course if she feels that, having no children, she can please herself.

Fear, jealousy, or distrust, once implanted in the mind, become terrible weeds. There is little to be done about them, except eradicate them with the only weed-killer psychology knows—a full, frank knowledge of the situation which is causing the unhappiness.

Yet it is when they are ridden by such fears that people least care to express themselves. Private inquiry agents exist because a man or woman, having become suspicious of the partner, just has to know what is doing—and won't put all the cards on the table.

The passages of mental anguish and uncertainty which occur in the mind of each people must be indescribable the outcome is that somebody who was deeply in love now turns a spy to spy upon a once-loved partner.

How does it feel to spy a man to climb a tree and peer into a bedroom window to see your wife in someone else's bed? That is the final outcome of the wrongly based marriage—a bitter, unhappy experience which, in different circumstances, might have been unpleasant.

There are people who argue that the law forces this kind of situation, with its demand for exact proof of

what is alleged. And it is found many times over that such assumptions are quite unfounded—that the man has been identified, the place and time of the designation set, and the tree climbed, or the door broken in, only to see that the unfaithful wife isn't there at all.

One case the present writer heard argued in the N.E.W. divorce court concerned a woman who, having traced her husband to a house where he was being unfaithful, had private inquiry agents climb a fence—to see the suspected woman in a room with a man, indeed, but the man was not the husband, as expected. The fact was that the house was a respectable boarding house where the man called to play chess with a man friend in a lounge room, the woman who had been seen entering the place several times was a maid employed by the boarding house, and the man she was seen in the room with was her fiancé. The whole thing was a miserable far, in spite of which the case was proceeded with—and the evidence cleared the accused husband of being a wrapped party.

In a way, that might be called one of the happy stories of divorce since the husband, at that stage, had no precedents to pay for.

But the human tragedy is only part of the divorce story. It is a story which extends beyond the emotional upheaval, past the unnecessary pretences of spying or peeping spots on to which one's former lover, past even the uncertain future of children whose parents fail to agree—because there are very many divorces in which there are children, and as a result of which children suffer.

These divorces are in a class



rather different from those discussed earlier. These seem to be mostly cases where one of the partners fails to mature as a result of parenthood, or where sexual dissatisfaction, once hidden, is now expressed.

There was the case known to this writer, of the wife who refused to have sexual intercourse with her husband because there were children in the house, despite the fact that it was a large house and the parents had full privacy. No good was achieved by her attitude, but the time came quite naturally when her husband, a young and virile man still, kicked over the traces. The enforcement of married chastity didn't do either wife or children any good after that.

Unwillingness to treat up to responsibility is an underlying factor in divorce where there are children. The selfish men who feel that, family or no family, his gold must not suffer, or don't care, then spending the wife's money on gold balls; he is forfeiting the respect of a wife who realises, reluctantly, that he won't put first things first. And once respect goes out of marriage, on either side, then the end is in. Sometimes people tolerate each other as convenience; sometimes they live their separate lives under the same roof for the sake of the family; sometimes they divorce.

Of the numerous failure marriages which do not sink to the level of employing spies, there are nevertheless put-and-drawn divorces. There is the diversion straight, when a partner walks out, stays away for a period, made necessary by law, and is then word for desertion.

There is the less honest practice of walking out and having a writ

issued for the restitution of conjugal rights. When the writ is ignored the case becomes divorce on the grounds of failure to obey the court.

Maybe these techniques are superior to catching a former lover "in flagrante delicto", often they are more cautious to satisfy the law and to gain freedom without notoriety. The outcome is the same—each application for restitution, each desertion, each filing of a divorce petition, is an admission that two people could not make a partnership work.

But the cash price of that admission is something which few people have pondered. Leave understanding of who feels the divorce bill, and how slowly it is paid, and for how long, does not give any idea of the actual facts of divorce finance.

One is entitled to wonder, cynically, perhaps, whether a fuller knowledge of the financial burden of divorce might not lead people to make another bid for reconciliation, because though a lot is said in court about the causes of divorce very little is said about attempts at reconciliation, other than that they have been tried unsuccessfully.

A man who is much married and, who, perhaps, did not relish the idea of divorce when it became inevitable, once said, "If your wife wants to divorce you, whatever you do don't get generous impulses. If you're soft right at the beginning you'll probably regret it for the rest of your life."

Three times married, twice divorced, he is paying alimony to two ex-wives, so he can be expected to be near on the opposite end. He pointed out the troubles encountered financially when a marriage went wrong.



One species of the female has a lot of fun spending the alimony on ex-husband is forced to disgorge

In the first place, he says, you have to earn enough to maintain alimony payments as well as to live yourself. For if you fall behind in the payments the law has machinery ready to deal with such a situation, and if your ex-wife is vindictive, you can go to goal. It can happen, it has happened—frequently.

Today, alimony has become, in quite a number of cases, a source of easy income. Taxes have indeed changed. At the turn of the century divorce was considered a tragedy.

scandalous affair that tainted both the innocent and guilty alike, need women suffered their philandering husbands in much hostility and only the "Hoosier" thought sympathetically of alimony. The "Hoosier" were the stately chorus girls who, so they said, cottoned on to barons and millionaires, married them in haste and divorced them at leisure—these so-called women story-tellers put into epic novels and in the last chapter blasted into children with the storm of a good woman.

Not so today. Women have be-

some fast-minded and, with divorce on the increase (one marriage in four goes astray in U.S.A. each year, one or seven in Australia) they know the rights conferred on them by law. And, knowing these rights few women, about to set out on the divorce roundabout, carry at least a serious thought of alimony. Most husbands simply pay without argument, even when the ex-wife is capable of going back to work and earning an income comparable to his own, he can't do much about it.

For the husband who waits out of the married home and dedicates, emphatically, to support either his wife or their young children, it is difficult, indeed, impossible, to find an excuse.

An example of this was quoted recently by Miss M. Pillsinger, director of the N.R.M. Family Welfare Bureau. Miss Pillsinger said: "If a wife receives no maintenance from her husband for six months she becomes eligible for the 'divorced widow's' pension - £10.0 a week."

"Many husbands know this and sometimes, through sheer vindictiveness, will make some maintenance payments in the sixth month, so that the wife has to go back to the beginning and lose the chance of a steady income."

Miss Pillsinger said that one deserted wife she knew was trying to keep five children on £7.10s a week.

MORE so than in Australia, alimony in the U.S.A. has become a racket. Some girls put on the wedding veil for unbecomable negotiations with the experts and aids in relation of providing for their future comfort; if a satisfactory divorce settlement cannot ultimately be arranged, there's always the courts to fall back upon—and they're notoriously sympathetic to women!

It is said that one Chinese divorcee judge takes a pad and pencil with him to the bench and, even in cases where the husband has an ageing brother to support and several mortgages on his name, orders payment of half the husband's salary to the wife.

With marriage such a heretofore investment it's not surprising that so many American girls start out in life with the express intention of marrying millionaires.

Once they attain their objective, it's like an eight-way bet at the races—if they're on a winner, okay; if they lose, well, they can still show a handsome profit.

But, as one New York writer puts it, "the modern American mid-dle-aged woman in a variety of shapes and sizes, like's after the wedding phantasy, but, brother, in the face of badly kept competition, she's just as likely to settle for you."

Broadly speaking, American alimony—in its most English speaking countries—is based on the theory that the husband should continue to support his ex-wife as the "master to which she has been accustomed"—that is according to the standard of life she has become familiar with as his wife. This formula has provided the blue-print for most of the larger American alimony settlements.

In Australia, Divorce Courts, on a decree for divorce, may order the husband "to secure to the wife such gross or netted sum for any term, not exceeding her life, as it seems reasonable, having regard to (a) her fortune—if any, (b) the ability of the husband to pay and (c) the standard of the parties. Or, instead, they may order the husband to pay the wife, during their joint life, such weekly or monthly sum as it thinks reasonable, having

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regard to the three circumstances already mentioned."

One lawyer said recently: "A wife's right to alimony is based on her right of common law to pledge her husband's credit for 'maintenance'. So, just as, while married, she can pledge his credit for what is suitable to her, according to his status in life, so will such alimony be granted her as is reasonably necessary for her to continue to live as would the wife of a man in his position."

The interpretation of these legislation is, naturally, a matter for the Judge in Divorce or the Divorce Registrar, but, as a rule, alimony in this country is calculated on the basis of one-third of the joint income of both parties. Thus a man on £14 a week would pay his wife £5—a sum that correspondingly would be reduced the greater the separately income earned by the wife. It is the wronged, and not the guilty, woman who receives these payments and they are usually cancelled if the ex-wife remarries.

As a big percentage of divorces in Australia actually are obtained by women who wish to remarry, the proportion of cases where no alimony is sought, or where court orders are short-lived, is comparatively high.

It would be foolish to suggest that Australian alimony laws, while undeniably harsh on some ex-husbands, have not also reacted adversely against quite a few worried wives. Some years ago there was talk of amending N.S.W. legislation to give women a "divorcer's" but nothing was done. Divorce has always bothered the politicians. However, consider the immense strides that women have made in their march toward complete emancipation.

Legally speaking, they're on top of the world. Once are those bad old days when the husband, on marriage, assumed complete control of the wife's property. No-one, we're sure, would want a return to that not-so-far-distant era, when, under British law, a woman was considered incapable of holding property, real or personal, independently of her husband. That was the "chattel" era that came to an end with what has been described as the modern Woman's Bill of Rights—the Married Woman's Property Act.

Nevadada, the wife's right to her own property is firmly established, and that fact, some years ago, was the subject of a warning by a former N.S.W. Divorce Judge, Mr. Justice Toome. At the time he pointed out that the transfer of property between husband and wife could be—and had frequently been—abused. He made these points.

■ A wife could evict her husband from a home which he had given her, without even commencing divorce proceedings.

■ A husband could do the same to a wife whom he had married for money and who, had transferred her property to him.

The judge said that husbands, in the full flush of matrimony, had transferred their homes to their wives, only later to be evicted after being supplanted by men who became co-respondents in future divorce suits. When a husband transferred either money, property or shares to his wife, the transfer was absolute. Thus, if the marriage broke down later, the wife could retain all the property he had given her.

A judge, said Mr. Justice Toome, could later make an order for ab-

wife of my acquaintance has chased her husband over three States—South Australia, Victoria and N.S.W.—and when I last saw her, she was on her way to Queensland. Her husband, it is rumored, had dodged several yet another brother, vowing she wouldn't get a penny out of him.

MAINTENANCE, of course, is paid —by direction of a magistrate—during actual marriage; the payments made by the husband from the filing of his divorce suit onward are known, legally, as alimony. To begin with, there is alimony pendente lite, or alimony awarded until the hearing of the suit, and here, lawyers must, in the case of an injustice that can—and often does—weigh heavily on the long-suffering husband.

Figures show that, in 36 cases out of 100, the wife fights her divorce action with her husband's money. Even though she is the guilty party, he may, either by mutual consent or a court order, still have to pay—a sum that normally exceeds £100 when the case is defended. Indeed, the only time he comes out ahead is when he proves adultery against his wife and obtains from the judge a direction that the man named as co-respondent pay the wife's loss.

He loses again, with alimony pendente lite.

This is the sum awarded to the wife pending the hearing of the suit and, as divorce suits are frequently so congested that defended divorce suits have to stand over for months—even years—the husband has a long period of paying. It's probably no news to his creditors to know that his wife is unashamedly the guilty party and that alimony payments will probably cease when the case is concluded.

Some guilty wives, lawyers claim, deliberately delay the hearing of divorce suits so that they can go on collecting alimony. In some cases the wives don't even attempt to get jobs for fear their husbands may interfere with the—often substantial—insurance bonded to them on a legal plan. Some of them have no intention finally of defending their suits but, knowing that a straightforward undefended suit would be dealt with in a matter of weeks, they prefer to keep their husbands sweating until the last moment. There's nothing much the husband can do but go on paying.

Judges are not blind to these happenings and in Sydney, some years ago, Mr Justice Tamm had before him an adjournment application in a defended suit that had been dragging for years. The judge said "I have been thinking of instituting a new practice where, if a wife is found guilty of adultery the Court will give an order for her to disgorge all the money that has been paid to her by way of alimony."

"In defended cases after defended ones the parties appear before the court with all the pomp and circumstance when the matter is placed in the list. Sometimes they wait a week, a month or three months adjournment to prepare their case. Then, though it has been in the list for four years the divorce appears on in the long run as an undefended matter."

Alimony pendente lite, or, as it is also called, temporary alimony, was originally intended to remain in force for only a few months. Then, once the suit was heard, the wife, either as the successful partner, because entitled to permanent alimony, or, as the guilty wife, seemed to have say further claim against her husband. The normally lies in

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the fact that, over recent years, some defaulted suits were protracted for as long as two years, during which period the temporary alimony payments went on. This applied mainly to N.S.W. where, in the last few months, a serious drive has been made to clear up divorce litigation.

There is another anomaly which, women lawyers claim, imposes a grave injustice on many women. In N.S.W. these women found an ardent champion in late Attorney General Martin, who, in October 1961, proposed legislation to remedy the position. Sources of this agitation were:

- The fact that an ex-wife, under N.S.W. law, could apply to the court for an increased financial payment for the upkeep of her children but could not apply for an increase in her own personal alimony—even if her former husband had become, quite suddenly, a millionaire!

- The fact that, at the same time, the ex-husband could apply to the court to have the alimony order reduced or entirely stopped on the ground of his inability to pay.

To begin with, women insist, that a discriminatory law, loaded heavily in favour of the male, but, over the past six years, the equality principle has become a matter of diminishing importance—the real issue now is one of economic hardship.

Once quoted prove this. Wives, awarded £5 or £6 a week from considerably all husbands of poorer means, found themselves on a modest but satisfactory standard of living—a standard that the ordinary poor and the serious cost of living have shot completely to pieces. Their ex-husbands, then on £15 or £16 a week, are probably earning £50 or more today, yet, in N.S.W., at least, there can be no

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This Month's Issue

OUTDOORS

proportionate increase in alimony awarded to the divorced wife. And there are still other examples too worth recording.

Our present alimony laws, for example, were products of the reign of Queen Victoria, they came into being in 1889 and mirrored, not surprisingly enough, the social conditions of those middle times.

Clearly they never envisaged this new world of wage-earning women. So, it's not to be wondered at that, in the framing of the Matrimonial Causes Act, three interesting circumstances overlooked were:

• that the husband, one day, might want to apply for a reduction of alimony on the ground that his wife was earning her own living and quite capable of supporting herself.

• that the husband might want to ask the court for an order for alimony, payable to him on the present basis of cohabitation—one-third of the joint income.

• that the salary-earning wife might be in a better position to pay the court costs than the wage-earning husband.

It has always been customary for a husband to seek a reduction in alimony on the ground of his inability to pay, and that, in the past has been the principle upon which the courts have acted, laid men, nowadays, are inclined to the view that there is no definite bar to the husband seeking relief because of his former wife's improved economic circumstances. But, obviously, the machinery isn't there for a husband to square alimony from his wife, and the husband continues to foot the enormous, ever-mounting Divorce Court bill. A lot of people are asking why.

Well, in 1889, enjoy an entirely different status than they did in the middle of the last century.

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Key to imaginary diagrams depicting the effect of subconscious mind on the personality and bodily structure.

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| 1. Lack of Confidence | 4. Nervous pain |
| 2. Unconscious Nervousness in Appearance | 5. Nervous Cough |
| 3. Dependent Worry | 6. Stammering |
| 4. Weak Will | 7. Blushing |
| 5. Forgetfulness | 8. Nervousness |
| 6. Lack of Concentration | 9. Stuttering |
| | 10. Headache |
| | 11. Nervousness |
| | 12. Nervousness |
| | 13. Nervousness |
| | 14. Nervousness |

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GOODBYE DRINK

Wendell says Cleveland has
about 100,000 of them in the
city and many in the suburbs.
He says the city is a "hotbed"
of them and that they are
the "most dangerous" of all
the "gangs" in the city.
He says they are "the most
dangerous" of all the "gangs"
in the city and that they are
the "most dangerous" of all the
"gangs" in the city.

W. L. LANTIER, *Manager, C. & G. S. Railway*

Many women have gone right to the top in commerce and industry; quite a few are schoolteachers, social workers, secretaries, typists; others are engaged in household occupations.

Yet the courts of this and other English-speaking countries aren't directly concerned about the capacity of a wife to earn her own living. As a matter of fact the Law, indirectly, discourages her from working, saying, in effect, that if she does she'll have to pay alimony payments reduced or eliminated instead, for quite a few of the girls, the set-up in which they find themselves is not altogether unpleasant—why work for a less when the ex-husband is in the background paying the bill?

This is a point of view shared by some of the leading legal lights of the day. One of these—a former judge—has sent publicly that women are as capable of earning money as men and that women, unless in failing health or with children to keep, should not remain at home when there is work for them outside.

He added: "Worthy women, who are divorced or separated should maintain husbands who have helped build their fortunes and, in reward of income, should pay alimony to sick or invalid ex-husbands."

That is an aspect that isn't usually considered—the declining health of a husband and the part it might play in the walk-out of a busy metropolitan woman, earning a substantial salary on her own right. No-one would sympathize with the husband who, in similar circumstances, deserted a sick or invalid wife. Yet, because of the unanticipated code that governs the male-female relationship, the possibility of a wife being relied upon to support a husband financially is

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If you suffer from migraines you'll be interested in this case history taken from the files of an renowned Headache Specialist

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PREVIEW

of the

REDEX TRIAL

In this Month's Issue

WHEELS

2/6 At all Newsagents

sedition, in the legal sense, given serious consideration. Similarly there seems no reason why a wealthy or wage-earning wife should not share with the husband the burden of divorce costs. Or why, when the children of a marriage are in the husband's custody, she should not contribute her share to the children's upkeep.

After all, the husband, no doubt, is being paid to take expense in paying someone to look after the children as a direct result of the wife's misbehavior.

In all countries of the world where divorce is recognized, the alimony problem—the conflicting rights of the husband and the wife—have posed some puzzling problems for both the legislature and the lawyers. California, a few years ago considered a bill granting alimony for all able-bodied women well enough to go to work and, during the debate, strong attacks were made on what was termed “the alimony racket.”

As it is, perhaps, both co-wives and co-husbands are labouring under injustice—and have been doing so for quite a time. State legislatures no doubt, can, and probably will alter existing laws but what most thinking Australians would prefer to see would be brand-new Commonwealth legislation—a Federal Matrimonial Causes Act incorporating into one coherent enactment divorce laws at present operating in each of the Australian States. That is the correct basis for divorce reform.

Which brings us back to the warning of that famous, much-married friend of mine who is proud attorney in two ways: “If your wife wants to divorce you, then, whatever you do, don’t get divorcer’s ampoule.” Do you see what he means?



PREVIEW

of the

REDEX TRIAL

in

wheels



QUICK TIPS

IT TAKES all types to make a world, and most of the world's troubles are produced by those who don't produce anything else.

You, you are all types. Take the hillbilly, he put a slinger on his shotgun because he wanted his daughter to have a good wedding.

Then there was the burglar. He broke into a house one night and saw a calendar with a beautiful pin-up girl on it; so he took it. He got twelve months.

We know a girl with a beautiful figure and she knows it, too. She spends a lot of time on the beach in her bathing-suit. She doesn't go in the water, though—the police to get a sunset; and, of course, that is a condition that is yours for the breaking.

Unfortunately, this lovely beauty is a little bit dumb. She asked her strapping evening gown in black coffee so that it would stay up all night! It's a fact. She is really so dumb that she thinks an ashtray is the thing that Noah kept his bees in.

Being beautiful, she can get almost everything she wants. Most girls when their ends by not taking enough exercise. Like any

woman we know, she is darty, but she likes to think she is a fapper. Normally she has too many budgets so she carries herself as tightly as possible. You know the type—a bird in a gilded cage.

It's amazing how many people are wrapped up in themselves. Of course, the man who is wrapped up in himself makes the greatest of all people.

Getting back to the male of the species reminds us of two chaps who applied for a job. Each filled in a form which called for name, nationality, etc. You know the type of form. Well, one chap signed his name, "Patrick O'Grady", and in the nationality line he put "Irish and proud of it". The other fellow signed "Angus McFarlane", and in the nationality line he wrote "Scottish and fond of it".

In court recently a man was charged with being cruel to a dog. It appears that he hit it over the head with his umbrella. He pleaded self-defense. He said, "The dog raised his leg and I thought he was going to kick me."

But it is not the barren rice which is strange. The stick is a funny bird—he's always kidding.

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